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WAS JESUS CHRIST A PACIFIST?

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

THE pacifist in these tragic days is wont to claim Jesus Christ as the author of his creed. Is he justified therein? Is the Prophet of Nazareth, whose crucified figure through nineteen centuries has stood for poignant passion and tragic devotion, to be identified with a passive programme of life? If we are to believe many recent statements, such is the case. Says a well-known college professor, "the soldier who stands up in the trench and lets the enemy shoot him rather than fire a gun is the real Christian. . . . The Bible proves that the man who takes up arms for defence, as well as offence, is un-Christian," and Dr. Frank Crane declares his readiness in case of war to act upon this principle. He has made the discovery that "there is no patriotism in Jesus." Professor W. L. Phelps will "let safety take care of itself. If we go in for armaments, let us abandon the Church. . . . The two don't go together." Even Hall Caine thinks that according to "the peace principles of the founder of our faith . . . the only way to establish the rule of moral law is not to resist evil." R. J. Campbell tells of a fine young soldier, recently recruited, who said to him, "I just cannot hang back while other men are being smashed and killed in a cause which is as much mine as theirs. But I am quite well aware that what I am doing is not Christian, but the very opposite, if we are to do what Jesus told us to do."* A like conclusion is reached in a recent text-book on ethics. "Christianity," we are told, "brought into the world the new principle of non-resistance." "The military spirit borrowed from paganism, which the ideal [of chivalry] apotheosised, was in absolute opposition to the spirit of Christianity, so that the perfect reconciliation and fusion of the different moral qualities entering into the ideal was impossible."† Thus Saint Louis and Jeanne d'Arc, "Stonewall" Jackson and "Chinese" Gordon, and their ilk, were all Christian failures—unnatural combinations of heavenly and worldly service.

This claim evidently impeaches the vast majority of Christians of the past, including, it is to be noted, most of those whom humanity has afterward regarded with honour—Bernard of Clairvaux, Luther, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, and a host of others. It cannot be without significance, and great significance, that in age after age, and with only the rarest exceptions, the noblest Christians have at times found their faith moving them to battle. A

**The War and the Soul,* p. 59.

†*History as Past Ethics,* by P. V. N. Myers, pp. 301, 308.

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recent instance came from the Far East when the American Methodist Missionary Conference of Malaysia met in the city of Singapore early in 1915. Breaking in upon its peaceful discussions came the tidings that an Indian regiment in the vicinity, the very one that figured in the Sepoy revolt of sixty years ago, had mutinied, murdered its officers, and was marching to attack the city. Forthwith all the men of the Conference, including the bishop, enlisted in the hastily formed city guard, and until relief arrived two days later did full soldier duty, either on the firing line or as guards and patrols. The significant thing in this incident is that these devoted men seem not to have had a thought that they were disloyal to their message of peace upon earth. Surely the evidence must be very strong which justifies the impeachment of the vast majority of Christians of intelligence and aspiration as either ignorant of their faith or recreant to it. Especially strong should it be in view of what it involves; for back of it, and looming menacingly, is the recurring question of critical thought through the generations, whether Christianity is a faith which a mature mind can live by. It is reported that the British government recently declared that it would prohibit the circulation of passages taken from the Sermon on the Mount if used for aggressive pacifist purposes. Is Christianity possibly, in the words of another, "the Don Quixote of the centuries?"*

When we turn to the Christian sources for the evidence, the first outstanding fact is that Jesus Christ said nothing directly on the subject of the moral character of war; and this although the pages of Jewish history teem with war narratives, the people round about Him were restive with the spirit of revolt, and He foresaw clearly the new conflict with Rome impending. And how good an opportunity He had for covering this point when the centurion came to Him at Capernaum, and actually saluted Him as a fellow commander! Instead of criticism of the soldier, however, we have commendation. This silence on the subject of war is significant. If inwardly Jesus repudiated the phrase "Lord of Hosts" as a title for God, was He morally free, amid the tragic issues of the times, to leave it unchallenged in the minds of His hearers?

It will, of course, be strongly maintained that there are plain teachings of Jesus that condemn war *implicitly,* if not explicitly. And this is entirely true, if aggressive war, or any war not required by mankind's supreme interests, is meant. Christ's faith is given unreservedly to the friendly, not the hostile, attitude among men. His clue to life is self-forgetful service; that of most war makers is self-assertion, elemental and generally brutal. He believes in giving; they in seizing. His point of view is humanity; theirs is the tribe. His maxim is the law of social justice, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" theirs, in its most plausible form, is that of David Harum: Do your neighbour as you think he is going to do you, and do it first.

Pacifism, in the sense of present day discussion, however, refuses to discriminate between wars. All wars are iniquitous and indefensible—the very nadirs of wickedness. Nothing can excuse them, and the only way to end them is for men to refuse to fight on any pretext whatever. It is for this programme that the authority of the Master is claimed. Three texts in particular are quoted in support of it: John 18:36; Matt. 26:52, and 5:39. In the first of these Jesus says to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." On re-

**Religion in Europe and the World Crisis,* by C. E. Osborne, p. 18. Cf. his remark (p. 17): "It is easy to say that the German mistake consists in the substitution of Corsica for Galilee as an ideal. But a deeper question calls for answer, and knocks at the inmost chambers of the spirit. It is that of the practicability of all that Galilee represents."

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flection we must rule this saying out as not to the point. The consideration urged is that the prisoner's kingdom is not a political one. His "servants" do not fight *to advance the kingdom.* They are not, and should not be, either crusaders or inquisitors. Nothing is said and nothing is implied as to whether, on occasion, they fight to save their lives, their families, and their country. In isolation the second passage—"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—*may,* perhaps, be construed as a condemnation of every sort of physical conflict; but from Luke's account of the same evening that is plainly the wrong construction. There we read that Jesus said, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."*

The third statement—the familiar bit of discourse from the Sermon on the Mount, beginning, "Resist not the evil man"—is the non-resistant's real Scripture warrant, so far he has one. If it bears upon war at all, it is implicitly not explicitly; for it has all the earmarks of individual, not collective, application. For one thing, nothing is said or suggested about non-resistance to evil done to others, as when a man sees a woman attacked, or a mother her children, or a soldier his defenceless fellow-citizens. To be noted, also, is the purely personal reason urged: "That ye [individually] may be sons of your Father which is in heaven." Yet this certainly is a striking utterance, and one most seriously meant. It is neither critical nor reverent, however, to jump at its meaning in modern literalist fashion, and refuse to consider its literary form and the circumstances of its forthgiving. That Jesus Christ was very solicitous that His followers should learn, wherever possible, to use the weapons of love, and "overcome evil with good," is indubitable, as is also unhappily the fact that His teaching in this respect has too often been scandalously neglected by the Church. To return good for evil appears to be a leading resource of His for both individual and social uplift and progress. The meek—those who act thus—"shall inherit the earth."

But is true meekness always possible? What of the cases, by no means rare, where non-resistance *encourages* the wrong-doer in the wrong? The radical pacifist shrugs his shoulders over this inquiry, and naïvely begs the question, declaring that the Christian must "do right and leave the consequences to God." But what the right is, is precisely the question at issue! And is it right to thrust consequences upon Providence which are due to our own doctrinaire rashness? Indeed, is not this precisely the presumptuous course which Jesus refused to take in the "pinnacle of the temple" temptation—to trust His life to an unproved theory, relying upon God to take care of him? As a matter of fact, Jesus did not overlook the very real danger that non-resistance might only provoke "the evil man" to worse evil; and He provides for it by a teaching which seems out of its proper context as reported by Matthew: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you."* Precisely; a very real danger when dealing with brutish men. In such cases, it would seem, he does not mean His non-resistance teaching to be followed.

Why, then, it will be asked, did He make His injunction so sweeping? "Resist not the evil man." Because, for one thing, He was an Oriental and spoke to Orientals; and in the East vigourous speech is naturally tropical. In this passage we have a very common Hebrew trope for which there is no precise English equivalent. It consists in enjoining one thing in immediate antithesis with another which is forbidden, but forbidden with the intent of only a relative disparagement, that is, of subordination. When Wisdom cries, "Receive my instruction, and not silver,"† no real prohibition of receiving gifts is, of course,

*Luke 22:36.

*Matt. 7:6.

†Prov. 8:10.

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intended. So in this case; Jesus unquestionably meant to exalt the ways of love above those of force; but it by no means follows that He meant to exclude resort to force on all occasions whatever.

But, it is asked, did not the Master's course at the time of his capture bear out the non-resistant rendering? It does not appear so. It is true that He did not resist His captors; but neither do a million military prisoners in Europe to-day, whom we do not therefore credit with pacifist principles. Resistance! that way lies sudden death. Nor do non-resistance convictions account for the facts of Jesus's arrest. It is plain that He expected it fully, and that it took place under circumstances favourable to flight. Now, pacifism does not forbid flight. Manifestly some sense of mission to be fulfilled, and not a feeling of the sin of forceful resistance, governed His course that fateful night. So when He was smitten at the bar of the High Priest. He did not resist; but again He could not without madness. The significant thing—and it is quite significant—is that of the two things He could do, turn the other cheek or protest, he chose to protest.

The message of Jesus is by no means a charter of supineness; it is a summons to a high and age-long campaign. "Jesus paid it all," is no saying of His. Grace there is in it, of a truth, but chiefly for the unfavoured and neglected and those who, with all their short-coming, truly strive. They who hunger and thirst after righteousness are the blessed in His opinion. If the fourth gospel be set apart, as a late account written with a theological rather than a historical motive, one who reads the teachings of Jesus connectedly and thoughtfully, noting ethical emphases, cannot but be impressed by the large number of appeals to the alert, striving side of human nature. His followers are to "strive to enter in at the narrow gate; for many . . . shall not be able." The faithful steward, the vigilant servants, and the provident virgins are to be rewarded, but the doors are to be closed against the easy-going; while the salt that has lost its savour is to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. Manifestly for Him religion is no mere "ambulance to fetch life's wounded and malingerers in."

According to our oldest gospel, Jesus began His public career with the announcement, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand"—a proclamation which implied the current Messianic expectation and appealed to it. Kingdom was then the word of power in Israel. No doubt Jesus did eliminate its political connotations. To be an intelligible, and withal a candid term, however, it must have meant for Him *in part* what it meant for the people; and such evidently was the case. When He spoke in the synagogue at Nazareth, His fellow-townsmen, jealous of Him as they were on personal grounds, did not quarrel with His message; indeed, they "wondered at the gracious words." But would they have done so, if those words had included or suggested an indiscriminate condemnation of force? Would they not have been quick to note and challenge the point of difference? For unquestionably the great hope of Israel at the time included the use of force—the forcible overthrow of unrighteousness.*

The kingdom for the Prophet of Nazareth seems to have meant primarily and fundamentally very much what it meant for the best of the prophets who

*Cf., for example, Isaiah 24:21-23, and Micah 4:1-5, 11-13. Just in this fact lay a danger against which Jesus had to be on His guard throughout His ministry, the danger of the "zealot" misapplication of the kingdom idea in terms of political revolution, which to the clear vision of Jesus was madness. (Cf. Luke 19:41-44.) The people were restive under the foreign yoke, and it was all too possible that an armed outbreak might be precipitated by His very proclamation of the kingdom. The kingdom idea was at once needful to His cause and dangerous. To forefend the danger He apparently stressed the passive side of Christian conduct as He might not have done in other and different times. This point is well brought out by Dr. Charles Hargrave in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1916.

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preceded Him and for the nobler minded of His contemporaries; that is, an ideal social order to be realized on earth, one that should be blessed because it was just. He broke with most of His nation, however, in recognising that it could not be established by political means alone or primarily, but that a constituency of the morally elect, a body of spiritually allied citizens bound to the kingdom by an ethico-religious fealty, was the first essential. It was this insight and conviction that caused His movement to become a religion rather than a society for social reform, and it led Him to put a stress upon the individual side of the kingdom which, for full many a reader of the gospels, has obscured the implied and intended social meaning. None the less, whether individual or social, was the kingdom for Jesus Christ a cause to be served, an ideal to be realised, at any cost, whether of toil or conflict or death. His allegiance to it was an unqualified and unsparing devotion, akin to the patriot's allegiance to his flag.

The pacifist, of course, will dispute these statements (or reduce them to innocuous metaphor), though, I think, without venturing to test them seriously by the gospel accounts. He will maintain that all fighting ideas in connection with Jesus are incongruous and impossible. No one, he holds, who lived like "the meek and lowly Jesus" could possibly participate in war on any excuse whatever. Think of the "gentle Saviour" leading a bayonet charge and stabbing His opponents! Imagination balks at the thought.

It does, of a truth; but that is because of the notion of a "mild and gentle Saviour" with which the pacifist has filled our minds. This is the evangelical "lamb" idea, the conception of a non-resistant person, whose rôle in life was that of compassionate ministration and in death that of the innocent and pitiful victim in the Jewish sacrifices. It is not a conception found ready-made in the gospels. It is a free construction of the religious mind in its hours of stress and pain, and in the formation of it the feminine ideal of assuagement of human distress has been combined with that of the suffering servant of Jehovah so vividly depicted in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, an ideal (non-Messianic, however) in which suffering and submission are the principal features. Is it a *true* construction? Is this figure compounded of traditional art and evangelical sentiment, this mild and inoffensive, but withal pathetically ineffective, person, who at last faces his captors with sheep-like non-resistance—is this the actual Jesus Christ of the gospels? There are very serious reasons for a negative answer. That the finest side of woman's nature was strongly represented in Jesus is happily true; but the striving, achievement-seeking character of male humanity is quite as much in evidence.

It was not a merely "mild and gentle" person who firmly, if not brusquely, threw off His mother's control at the wedding at Cana, or that faced His jealous and dangerous fellow townsmen in the Nazareth synagogue with claims and teachings that exasperated them to the verge of murder. His compassionate temper did not prevent His repeatedly avoiding the crowds that sought Him, nor—as when He healed the withered hand in the synagogue on the Sabbath—His looking "round about on them [his critics] with anger." He appeared to find no temperamental difficulty in calling the ruler of the synagogue a "hypocrite" and Tetrarch Herod a "fox," nor in cursing the fruitless fig-tree, nor yet, whip in hand, in driving a melée of traders and beasts from the temple. Was it with a mild aspect and gentle tones that He charged the priests with turning the house of prayer into "a den of thieves," or upbraided the cities of Galilee—Capernaum being consigned to hell!—or assured His apostles that it would be "more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorra in the day of judgment" than for the city refusing their service and message? And what shall we say

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of the unsparing diatribe recorded in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew? Staged, as the seven-fold denunciation seems to have been, in the temple, and in the hearing of His opponents, some of whom belonged to the Sanhedrin, it appears to have been quite as dangerous and quite as militant a procedure as any that a modern reformer is called upon to carry through. It is hard to think that any scribe who heard it regarded Him as a "mild and gentle Saviour."

Observe, also, the part He indicates for Himself in the future. Seated "upon the throne of His glory," He is to say unto them on the left hand, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels"—a strong suggestion of force! He it is, it would seem, who is to command the unprofitable servant to be cast "into outer darkness," the wedding guest to be bound and thrown out, rebellious enemies to be bound and slain before Him, and who as the angry king is to send "forth his armies"(!) and destroy "those murderers" and "burn up their city."* If in some of these accounts He is not referring to Himself, the agent meant can be none other than God; and Him it is whom He holds up to men for imitation! Is it conceivable that the speaker of these stern words, if placed so that the use of force was feasible—as, of course, it was not in His own time—would leave to the spoiler those whom He loved, or for whom He was responsible, on the ground of the surpassing preciousness of human blood? Can sound imagination possibly convert that speaker into a doctrinaire emotionalist who would let the sheep be torn out of tender feeling for the wolf?

The actual historic Christ was not merely, nor indeed primarily, mild and gentle, but rather a strong, forceful personality, a prophet of the noblest Hebrew type, with a compelling sense of mission and message; one in whom service was indeed a passion and ministration a joy, but with whom conflict was an inevitable resort when men opposed His cause. Men did oppose it, and at length with deadly determination. Why they should have done so is, from the "gentle Saviour" viewpoint, hard to understand. Other physicians, even when they make fatal mistakes, are not thus hounded to death; nor does that often happen to physicians of the soul (pastors, for example), if they avoid the rôle of prophet. Jesus, however, is not the least in doubt as to the effect of His life and work, clearly seeing that He had not "come to send peace on earth . . . but a sword"—a statement that might have been made by full many another truth bearer. A new and promiseful idea is a re-agent likely to produce strong and variant reactions in the mixed liquor of human life.

That Christ did bring a sword is, of course, sadly obvious, seeing He was its first victim. Why did He die? He foresaw what was coming, and could have escaped. Why He went to a voluntary death has taxed the minds of theologians for nineteen centuries, and hell and heaven have been ransacked for explanations. For a millennium the received theory was, that He died to lift the rightful lien of Satan upon the race! Since Anselm's day the usual view has been that His death averted the necessary wrath of God, whose prestige as supreme feudal overlord had been impaired by human sin. These metaphysical answers are sufficiently remote and unreal to present-day thought. The Christian pacifist has an ethical answer: Jesus died as a martyr to the principle of non-resistance—to furnish an ideal example of it for the guidance of His followers. This implies that non-resistance was His central message and programme, and we have seen how little the historical sources bear out that contention. But more: is the purpose of setting a good example worthy of Jesus Christ? Is there not a certain prig-

*Cf. the "shoot out of the stock of Jesse" who, with the "spirit of the Lord" upon Him, shall "slay the wicked." (Isaiah 11:4.) Cf. also, the Conquerour from Edom. (Isaiah 63:1-6.)

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gishness about it, at least when it is the dominant aim? Certainly it seems to accord ill with that genuineness, that inwardness, and that objective earnestness which Jesus demands in His teaching and, prior to its close, exemplifies in His life. When, as in this case, setting the example involves the sacrifice of all life's values and opportunities, the example seems to be not good but fanatical. Not of such wilful, and intellectually goody-goody, stuff are life's real heroes made.

We do not need to look so far for an explanation of the Master's course. It lies in the imperatives of His situation, and on the strenuous not the passive side of life. Jesus believed in His gospel. For Him the kingdom was the only possible salvation either for the individual or the world. How much did He believe in it? Enough to seize the great opportunity offered by the Passover throngs which had come from all parts of the world—come, too, with curiosity about Him and His message —and proclaim it to them, despite the fact that right where the pilgrims gathered powerful foes watched like wolves to pull Him down? Desperate as were the risks, if this opportunity was neglected, He was not likely to have another like it. The popular interest outside of Palestine was at length aroused. The soil was ready for the seed; dared the sower cast it abroad? If not; if the gathering multitudes inquired for Him in vain, and learned (at best) that the hostility of the Sanhedrin had kept Him away—why, no doubt they would not have wondered; probably few would have blamed. Men understand prudence. But He would inevitably have dropped from the position of a prophet to that of a scribe, from that of a deliverer to that of a philosopher. His teachings might still have been debated in the schools (if only to be condemned), but they would not have been accepted as a gospel, to be lived by and died for. For it would have been *felt,* if not critically recognised, that their author valued His life more than their dominance in the world. If Jesus was to succeed, or even start a movement with promise of success, He must, as He fully recognised, count His life of less moment than His mission. At that Feast "the soft ideal" that he wooed confronted Him

> fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
> And cried reproachful . . .
> "Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
> The victim of thy genius, not its mate."

Now, this tragic demand, this call to lead the forlorn hope, is the supreme test of the soldier spirit, and Jesus in meeting it showed that He possessed that spirit; for what is more distinctly and finely soldierly than for a man to hold his cause dearer than his life? In every age earnest believers have felt the throb of this temper in their leader, and have responded to it. Because of it, men in unfailing succession since that memorable Easter have arisen in His name and in His spirit to do battle for mankind—the real cause of Christ—

> Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back.

How, then, it may be asked, is Jesus the "Prince of Peace?" It is in no merely passive sense; not as the preacher of a psychological nostrum according to which mere inaction will hypnotise the wolves of society, whether individual or national. Jesus's peace programme is not that of *quelling* the pushing, aggressive forces in men which natural selection has produced, but the far more rational one of *turning these forces to ends of human welfare* in overcoming the obstacles to mankind's advance. According to Him, men may properly, and most honourably, seek to be great, if only their personal advancement is sought, not in the way of selfish domination, but in that of the common good, the welfare of humanity—the way, not of Cæsar and Napoleon, but of Francis d'Assisi, Martin Luther, and Wendell Phillips.

To intelligent believers Jesus Christ was the Prince of Peace in the sense of

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the original prophetic phrase, as the dominant figure of a better age following the victory. For them it is only through mankind's sincere allegiance to His kingdom that true and lasting peace can come. When His real gospel—of social justice and individual aspiration —is understood and appreciated by men; when it wins out in its age-long contest with the brute inheritance in mankind, then will peace come to earth to stay, and none will begrudge its major prophet and martyr the title of Prince of Peace.

NIGHT

BY LEON HÜHNER

When weary mankind is exhausted
By toil of the day and by care,
There comes forth a kindhearted fairy
With a gem in her silvery hair.

The moon is the gem she is wearing,
Her robes are a beautiful blue
All studded with thousands of jewels
Of exquisite lustre and hue.

The fairy with infinite pity
Looks down on the poor earth below
So soiled, so squalid and wretched,
So full of unspeakable woe.

Then wrapping her mantle around it
She presses it close to her breast,
And like a fond mother her infant
She tenderly lulls it to rest.

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THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

I. INTERNAL CAUSES AND PURPOSES

BY AMEEN RIHANI

For four centuries the Arabs have been loyal to the Turks. They have been loyal because they are pre-eminently religious. To them the Ottoman Dynasty was more than a worldly power: it was an Islamic hierarchy. They cherished it, enriched it, fought for it, upheld its claims and ambitions, helped to promote its interests at home and abroad, submitted to its tyrannous rule, bore nobly, heroically, its iron yoke for no other reason than that the Sultan was the official representative and protector of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet.

For the sake of their religion they sacrificed their own national ambitions, their civil rights, their wealth and blood, and at times even their honour. For with the Mohammedan Arabs the Koran is the corner-stone of nationalism. It follows, therefore, that Islam, in its worldly aspect at least, must always depend more or less upon a powerful dynasty to represent it, a strong empire to uphold and promote its interests. Turkey was this empire up to the Revolution of 1908. Since then the Young Turks took the reins of power in their own hands, re-established the so-called liberal Constitution and proclaimed in pompous fashion, with alarums and excursions, the Reign of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

But it soon became a Reign of Terror unparalleled even in the days of Abd'ul-Hamid. The Constitution failed to give the nation the threefold blessing: it worked exclusively for the Turks, and only the Young Turks at that. Liberty with them was but a means to selfish ends, an instrument of criminal power, while Equality and Fraternity, even among them and non-Turkish Mohammedans, were but high-sounding words. The Revolution was a sham, indeed, a hollow mockery, and its leaders floundered from one wretched, criminal experiment into another, leaving in their blood-stained path the mark of their successive failures and crimes.

Nevertheless the Arabs, Christians and Mohammedans, in Egypt and Syria and the Peninsula, continued to support them and be loyal to them up to the very last stage of their unhappy adventure, still believing that they, the Young Turks, were eventually to succeed in regenerating the Empire and maintaining the integrity of Islam. They condoned their crimes, blinked at their mistakes, overlooked their broken pledges, tolerated their high-handed methods, took the loss of Tripoli and the Balkan possessions as a bitter fatality, poured their wealth into their coffers, gave their army its best officers and best fighting men, and with an infinite patience and fortitude awaited the time when the golden dream of equality and liberty, of union and progress, would be an accomplished fact.

But what happened? Instead of Turkey joining her steadfast and loyal friends, France and England, in the war, instead of remaining at least neutral and occupying herself with her own internal affairs, she cast her lot with Germany and thereby alienated from her the strongest and most intelligent element of her population. More than this and worse. The Young Turks deliberately sought to weaken Islam as a political and religious power. The basis of Arab nationalism, they said to themselves, is Islam: crush it and we crush the Arab movement.

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This enraged the Arabs. Divided among themselves in the past, they became during the years of the restored Constitution a compact element in so far at least as Islam is concerned. Their national leagues and societies, however, were composed in Syria and Egypt of both Christians and Mohammedans; and their main object was to safeguard their own rights as a people and to preserve the dignity and integrity of Islam. The reforms they demanded were based upon the principle of decentralisation; they may be summed up in two words —Home Rule.

But they soon learned that with Turkey as the ally of Germany, as the vassal, in fact, of the Kaiser, the realisation of their national hopes and aspirations was no longer possible. The Turks could not give what they themselves did not possess. So, the hour for radical action struck; it struck in Arabia, in the sacred birth-place of the Prophet, in Hijaz. And the uprising of the Arabs, under the Sherif of Mecca, was inspired partly by the intellectuals of Egypt, stimulated by the wholesale execution of the intellectuals of Syria, and encouraged by the Allied Powers. It was just; it was also timely and opportune. In a few months, therefore, it was crowned with success, and it has given the world a new Arab kingdom.

The Revolution in Arabia, however, is but one phase of the Arab movement. It is in fact one of the outcomes of the awakening and struggle of Arabism in Syria and Egypt. And in each of these three countries, in Egypt, Syria and the Peninsula, the movement has a different aspect and significance and already foreshadows a different goal. In Arabia the Revolution is purely religious; in Syria it is purely political; in Egypt it partakes of both. I shall discuss in this article the Revolution in Arabia proper, its causes, distant and immediate, its purpose and claim, and the probable ultimate destiny of the new kingdom.

I said that in Arabia the movement is of a purely religious nature. And I need only cite, in proof of this assertion, the proclamation of the Grand Sherif and that of the Ulema of Mecca sustaining him and acknowledging him as king. In these two proclamations the Koran is repeatedly quoted to justify the Revolution; the Turks are branded as usurpers of the Khalifate; and the Arabs are called upon to rise and re-establish a pure State of Islam in accordance with the Sunnah and the sacred Traditions of the Prophet. "The new kingdom of Arabia," says the proclamation, "has its sanction in the book of Allah and is destined to revive the glory and the pristine purity of the Faith."

And so, Sherif Hussein, mainly by virtue of his religious office, was the chosen leader. The function he exercises is of the utmost importance, not only in Arabia, but throughout the world of Islam. The Sherif is a descendant of the Prophet; the Khalif is not. And the Sherifate, therefore, is superseding for the present the Khalifate, still represented in a measure in the Sultan of Turkey, and may eventually accede to it. A brief sketch of its history will help the reader to understand its significance in relation to Islam and, in the past, to the Turks.

Four centuries ago (1516) the Hijaz was partly conquered by the Turks and counted among the provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Previous to that time, and since the death of the Prophet Mohammed, it was governed by one of his descendants of the house of Hashem, of the tribe of Koreich, known as the Grand Sherif, with his seat in Mecca. The Turks had to make some concessions to the Arabs, of course, principally by appointing an emir of this same house to the office, but limiting his authority to the internal and religious affairs of the tribes and particularly to matters pertaining to the Haj. He was the religious head of the administrative government, which was often, however, administered from Stamboul.

Under the Turks, Jiddah was the capital of Hijaz until 1860, when it was removed to Mecca. It was a dual

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government in a way with the Vali and the Sherif, both appointed by the High Porte, exercising nominally separate authorities, but often, as circumstances favoured, usurping each other's power. The Vali was supposed to have exclusive control of the revenues and of the army stationed there, while the Sherif acted as supreme judge in matters concerning the life and strifes of the tribes. The Velayet of Hijaz, under the Turks, had a high tribunal presided over by the Chief Justice of Mecca, with the Treasurer of the Velayet, the Steward of the Kaaba, the Mufti and the Secretary of the Vali as Members. There was also established a special tribunal, wholly of a religious nature, which derived its authority from, and based its decisions upon, the Koran. But seldom if ever was either of them free from the insidious influence of Stamboul.

The Sherifate, however, was respected throughout its checkered history, but seldom did the Sherif enjoy the independence with which his office was originally invested. For the first Governor of Mecca was appointed by the Prophet Mohammed, who, in the Hadith, or Traditionary Sayings, enjoins that the Sherif shall always be of his own lineage and shall be responsible before Allah for the integrity and preservation of Islam.

At certain times, following this injunction, the Sherifate became hereditary; at others, as during the Fatemite dynasty of Egypt, it was maintained by appointment; while in the periods that marked the end of either form it was subject to the intriguing influences of ambitious chiefs, and more than once was won or lost by assassination. The Wahabis of Nejd, in 1787, waged a war for it; and they would have triumphed completely over Galeb, Sherif at that time, were it not for Mohammed Ali, first Khedive of Egypt, who, at the instigation of the Porte, sent an army under his son Teisoun, and another under his son Ibrahim, to check the advance of the Arabs of Nejd upon Hijaz, to save the Holy Cities, Mecca and Medina, from what was considered an alien power.

The Wahabis were defeated, and Mohammed Ali rewarded himself for the success of the expedition of his sons by acquiring the right of appointing the Sherif himself and holding Hijaz up to 1840 as a dependency of Egypt. But since then the prerogative reverted to the High Porte, who appointed the Grand Sherif, bestowing upon him, as upon a Vali, the title of Pasha. It will be seen from this that while the will of the Prophet was respected more or less by the Arab chiefs and the foreign rulers of parts of Arabia, the function of the Sherifate was seldom free from outside influences or from the plottings and intrigues of the Arabs themselves.

But the ascendency of the Sherif over the Vali of Hijaz, of the Arabs, in fact, over the Turks, may be said to have begun in 1881 when Awn ir-Rafik was in power. He was the first Sherif to justify and uphold the claims of his office, exercising almost absolute authority, overruling the Vali, at times and making his influence felt at Stamboul. A man of ability and power, of liberal views, accomplished and well informed, not unfamiliar with the trend of modern thought, he leaned toward Wahabism in his religious beliefs, but indulged nevertheless in the rare luxuries of both the Orient and the Occident. He was the first Sherif, we are told, who rode into the city of Mecca in an automobile; and his gardens were a marvel of Oriental magnificence and splendour much praised by Henry Doughty, who records in his excellent book, *Arabia Felix,* a very interesting conversation he had with him at his home in Taief. The successors of Awn ir-Rafik were imbued with his spirit of independence and his love of power. They chafed under the yoke of the Turks, often clashing with the representative authorities of the High Porte. Soon enough their attitude became irksome, intolerable to the Vali and untenable in a way to themselves. One of

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them was exiled to Rhodes, the other was assassinated.

And now Sherif Hussein, the first King of Arabia, of Hijaz rather, who is a descendant of the Prophet from his daughter Fatimah and her husband Ali, has realised the dream of his predecessors. For over thirty years, therefore, the spirit of revolution has been brewing among the Arabs of Hijaz, but was more or less repressed chiefly for religious reasons. What then are the causes, it will be asked, of its outbreak, at this time, and of its success? In a general way I have already answered this question. But to be more definite the causes might be classified as permanent and passing—those born of the relations existing between the Arabs and the Turks on the one hand and between the Turks and Islam on the other, and those born of the present abnormal conditions of the world. Among the first might be named the wonted despotism of the Turks, their short-sighted policy, their blackmailing and terrorising methods, their broken pledges of reform, their indifference especially since the Revolution of 1908 to the welfare and integrity of Islam, their attempt to Turkefy the Arabs and abolish their language from the courts and the schools, the loss of their prestige as the defenders of the Mohammedan faith and the repositories of its sacred authority, and last but not least the educational movement in Syria and Egypt which relighted in Arabia the torch of freedom:—all these have helped to bring the Revolution in Arabia to a head.

On the other hand, the alliance of the Turks with Germany, the success of Duke Nicholas in Armenia, the invasion by England of Bosra, the fall of Arish, the blockade of the coast of Hijaz, which threatened the country with famine and rendered impossible the yearly pilgrimage, and above all, the execution in Syria of hundreds of notables and intellectuals, mostly Mohammedans, and the persecution and exile of their families, the confiscation of their estates,—these are chiefly the causes of the breaking-out of the Revolution at this time and of its brilliant success.

Of course, the Arabs were well supplied with arms and ammunition. Besides the large stores which Germany had concentrated in towns along the Hijaz railway for the projected Turko-German attack upon Egypt, they got a considerable booty from the Turkish garrisons that surrendered to them and they were also supplied with heavy cannon by England and France. It should be mentioned, too, that the armies of the Sherif and his sons Faisal and Abdallah are not altogether without organisation and discipline; for, judging from the despatches, they are waging, not a Bedouin warfare, but one based on modern principles and tactics. The Turkish soldiers, too, are modern, that is to say, German, in their methods. They have aroused the fanatical fury of the Arabs of Mecca and helped to consolidate the forces of the Sherif by emulating in frightfulness their Teuton masters. From their forts they fired at the Kaaba, destroyed a part thereof and killed many innocent non-combatants while performing their devotion. This was conclusive proof to the Arabs that the Turks are infidels at heart, and that they are fighting not only to subjugate them as a people, but also to destroy their religion.

But what is the significance of this new kingdom of Arabia, how far does it now extend, and what hope is there of its resuscitating the ancient glory of the Khalifate? Unlike the small States in Europe that have been conquered by Germany to-day and that may recover their independence to-morrow, Arabia, by virtue principally of the religious and sacred places in it of Islam, will continue to hold a unique position as a free and independent State, or a group of such States, even though under the protection of some European power, and eventually realise its religious, if not its national, dream. The liberty of the Arabs, though under the Turks, has never been in some parts of the Penin-

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sula suppressed or curtailed, and it has always been genuine. Abnormal world conditions, as I have remarked, may have helped to produce the new kingdom; but Ibn ir-Rashid of Shomar, Ibn Saoud of Riad, the Sultan of Oman, Sheikh Mobarak of Kweit, Imam Yahia of Yaman, El-Idrisi of Asir—they all have maintained their independence more or less of the Turks and of each other: which is the natural outcome and expression of an irrepressible feeling in the Arabs for freedom and of their unwillingness to acknowledge, even nominally, a foreign master.

There is a saying among them that Allah's blessings upon the Arabs are four; namely, that their turbans shall be their diadems; their tents, their castles; their swords, their fortresses; and their poems, their written laws. This is more than a saying with the Arab; it is a conviction. And in it lies the secret of his weakness and power; in it is an explanation of the fact that he has never accepted a foreign civilisation and that Arabia was never wholly conquered by any one of the great nations of the past. The Assyrian Empire never got a footing among the Arabs; the Persian monarchs, in spite of all their friendly advances, could never make them tributary; Trajan only subdued a part of the North down to Petras and contented himself with striking medals in memory of his expedition; Aelus Gallus, under Augustus Cæsar, after losing a part of his army in the desert, returned to Rome as a Young Turk general might return to Stamboul to-day; and of all the nations that stood in awe of Alexander the Great the Arabs alone did not send ambassadors to him. But the times have changed, it will be observed, and any one of the great powers of Europe to-day might succeed in the future where Rome and Assyria failed. Very likely this, if we are to consider as pyrotechnics of diplomacy the pledge of the Allies to the small nations of the world.

The danger of Arab solidarity, however, to the integrity of an Arab kingdom, would seem at present to be more from within than from without. As it is now, King Hussein rules only over Hijaz, which has a population of about two millions and a half, most of whom, except in Mecca and Jiddah and Medina, are Bedouins; and as King of Hijaz, not of Arabia, has he been recognised by England and France.

But in Yaman, the most fertile district of the Peninsula, Imam Yahia is still supreme; in Asir, the district adjacent to Hijaz, El-Idrisi, while maintaining friendly relations with the Grand Sherif, still maintains his own independence; in Nejd, the birthplace of Wahabism, which has always been proud of its spiritual heritage and can always boast of the greatest religious fanatics and the best fighting Arabs, Ibn ir-Rashid and Ibn Saoud are absolute masters of their own respective spheres; on the eastern littoral of the Peninsula Sultan Teimour ibn Faisal, sovereign of Oman, might at best send an envoy of peace to King Hussein; Abdallah ibn Kasim of El-Katr, might strike out against the Turks or the English, as he best sees fit, but not unlikely on his own account; so might Sheikh Isa of Behrein also and Jaber ibn Sabah of Kweit; while the Syrian desert in the north is inhabited by various tribes that never paid tribute to any master.

As Mohammedans, however, all these independent princes of Arabia have hailed with joy and thanksgiving the victories of the Grand Sherif and his valiant sons; for the victory over the Turks was their own in a way as well as their brothers of Hijaz. Even the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunis have sent delegations to him, offering their congratulations and their tribute as right Muslems. But as independent rulers it is a question yet whether they will recognise the new King except in matters pertaining to the Haj. And they may go a step further. They may join the majority of Mohammedans in recognising King Hussein as Khalif of Islam. On the other hand, there are those among the independent

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rulers who also claim to be descendants of the Prophet and who have set up a a sort of Khalifate of their own. Moreover, there is a belief among certain advanced thinkers and doctors of the law that after the four immediate successors of the Prophet Mohammed, who are called the Orthodox Khalifs, no ruler in Islam is justified in assuming this sacred function and arrogating to himself the right of being the successor and vicegerent of the Prophet. So stands the religious and political situation at the present writing; what it will develop in the future, it is not safe to prognosticate. Hussein ibn Ali, Grand Sherif and King of Hijaz, might well cherish meanwhile the dream of becoming one day King of all Arabia—a federation of the Arab States is not impossible—and Khalif of Islam.

The second article in Mr. Rihani's discussion of the Near-Eastern question will appear next month under the title of "The Revolution In Arabia. II, Political Considerations." There have been three agents involved in the political pressure in the Near-East: The Arab Nation, The Ottoman Government and the European Powers. It is Mr. Rihani's thesis that every movement of the Arabs, especially of the Christian Arabs, depended upon, or was instigated by, one or more of the great Powers of Europe. That is why this Arab question is so fraught with conflicting interests, and is of great significance in its final and proper solution to the whole world. Mr. Rihani will discuss fully and analyse these three political agents.

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Chronicle and Comment

The Teuton Barons

In days of old when knights were bold, the Teuton Barons of the Rhine Valley held their piratical sway upon the theory that Might makes Right, and treaties were so lightly regarded in those days, that they did not even make any. It was the custom of these debonair gentry to sally forth from their fortress-castles and, doubtless quite without any warning and equally regardless of any sense of fair play, descend upon an unwary traveller who had ventured within their cruising radius: they would then relieve him of his goods or his life as might seem most expedient at the moment. Such overt acts made it highly indiscreet for any citizen of foreign parts, pacifist or patriot, to enter the prescribed zones of danger without an adequate convoy; and we may be assured that these Barons, in high feast in their ancestral strongholds amid their devoted followers, must have had many a broad smile over notes and protests regarding the freedom of the high-road from their royal contemporaries. All this excellent energy, however, was being diffused in sporadic, local raids, and it required a statesman of Bismarck's stature to convince his fellow Germans that co-operation against the world outside would be more advantageous. The ensuing sorties against Austria in 1866 and France in 1870 were both highly profitable ventures, and convinced the Baronial gentlemen of the wisdom of Prussia's policy. Then followed those long, trying years of waiting, during which the German over-lords marched and counter-marched, reversed and wheeled across Germania in preparation for the greatest of all raids—Der Tag. With the bursting of the storm and with all the new weapons of scientific warfare, the old traditions and methods of the Teuton Barons of the Rhine Valley have not changed one jot or tittle, and barbarism in the guise of scientific efficiency becomes one of those world-scourges against which the whole of society must needs unite.

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The Lesson of the Ages

German thoughts are not our thoughts, nor German ways our ways. This is thoroughly demonstrated—if further demonstration there need be—by Herr Zimmermann's Mexico-Japanese intrigue that he was conducting through our late friend, von Bernstorff, while his Janus-faced government was discussing platitudes about that "priceless heirloom from Frederick the Great"—meaning Germany's friendship with us. The German leaders may be incorrigible, they may be blunderers, but in the last analysis—just as indeed the philosopher Maeterlinck would have us believe—a government is but the projection, the epitome, of the will of a people and can last only approximately during the time it is supported by that will: Napoleon flourished while he expressed the aspirations of the French people, he succumbed when France no longer wanted him. So we must judge Germany by her leaders—and by such a measure German life seems incompatible with our Anglo-Saxon society. Is there room in the world for two such antagonistic sets of folk-ways? Well, times and customs change. We look back a hundred years and stand amazed at the explosive force of the French spirit that drove her armies out over all her borders to over-run Europe like a pest. Then mankind combined against the menace

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and France learned her lesson. To-day that explosive force to which the human spirit seems liable has seized upon Germany and mankind is rapidly combining against this threat. Will Germany learn the lesson? Undoubtedly, and in another hundred years our descendants, looking back over history, will be equally amazed at the virulence of the German threat as we are at the Napoleonic storms. But such speculations need not blind us to the problems of the hour. *Somebody must teach Germany the lesson.* Are we to stand idly by and let others do the world's dirty work while we scrape up the profits, present and future? Is our sense of responsibility so blunted, or is our mind so devoted to lofty ideals of human peace, that we cannot see that the way of all flesh is through struggle to its goal? A condition of human environment to which we are adapted by the process of the ages is "struggle" and we cannot, just by taking thought or by a couple of Hague conferences, sublimate that struggle from the physical into the purely intellectual and moral realms. Let us by all means look forward to that as an ultimate goal, to be planned for, to be worked for, but in the meantime: German barbarism must be destroyed.

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Our Part

And should America enter the struggle against this barbarism it would be the height of imaginable folly for us to "go it alone" as has been all too often suggested. Warfare against Germany is no half-hearted contest of forces staged in far corners of the world such as our farce-comedy Spanish war, but it would mean for us a death-grip with a foe that knows no law, no honour, no sense of fair play—it would mean the organisation of every ounce of effort of which we are capable to protect our homes, our lives, our faith in humanity, and all with the avowed end of stamping into the earth, once and for all, this surviving barbarism of the Middle Ages. With such purposes well in view we would quickly find ourselves in accord with the Allies both in the spirit of their effort and in the method and tactics of that effort. To fail to co-operate fully would mean to lengthen the war criminally and also to throw away our best chance for success; and then without our full support, the Allies might well suspect our friendship toward them and our moral and practical weight in the final peace settlement would be severely jeopardised. We must join the Allies heart and soul, finance and supplies, ships and men, and our General Staff need not feel any humiliation in accepting directions from the men who have learned the best methods of meeting the needs of the struggle. This list of our "supports" to the Allies is in the order of importance: first our moral support would be tremendous and the effect on the Germans equally strong in the reverse direction; next with a wealth in money and resources nearly equal to that of all the Allies put together, the stream of our supplies to Europe could be immediately augmented under government direction and could reach vast proportions; and lastly our navy and the volunteers that we could send under the American flag to the trenches of Europe might be just enough to turn the balance of submarine and land warfare immediately and strongly in our favour. Were there a man in our Senate to-day of the stature of the Cato of old, the warning would go forth to all our people in no unmistakable terms: German barbarism must be destroyed!

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The Fortunes of War

Like an Arabian Night's entertainment is the story of one of the little incidents of this great war which took place in a forgotten corner of the globe and which has just been brought to light. In the early months of the struggle, the curiosity of the world was focussed for a few short weeks upon the exploits of the German raider, the *Emden,* and in par-

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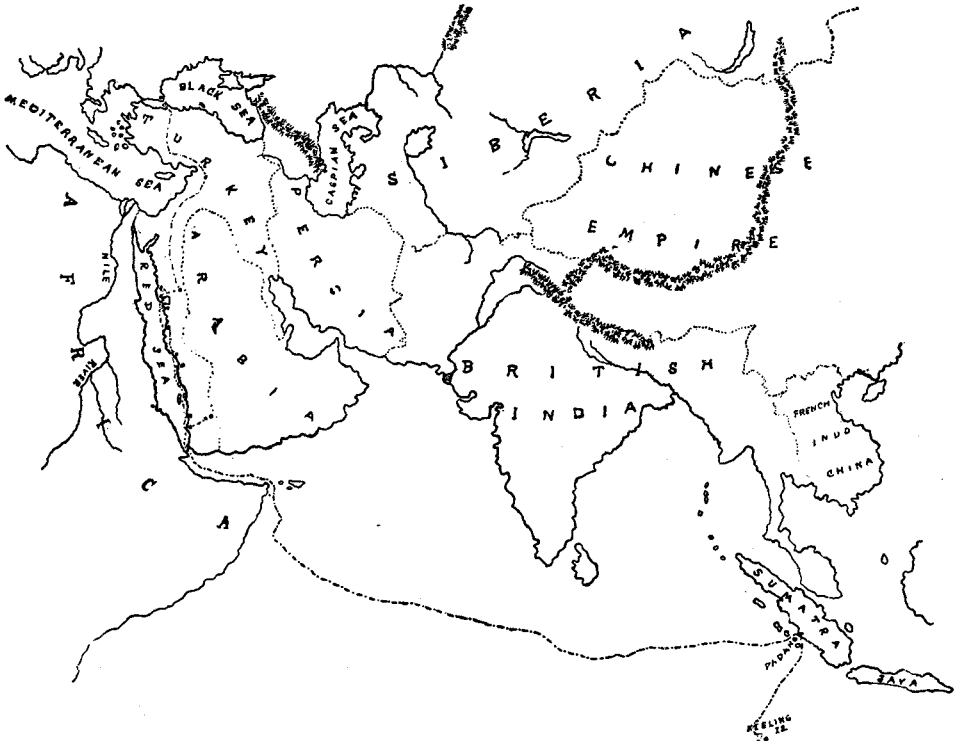

— - — - — - THIS LINE MARKS THE APPROXIMATE COURSE OF THE JOURNEY TRAVELLED BY LIEUTENANT VON MÜCKE AND HIS MEN

ticular upon the fate of the little landing party left on Keeling Island when the *Emden* fled out to fight the Australian cruiser *Sydney*. The little deserted party of forty-nine Germans was soon forgotten in the on-rush of the great events on the European stage, and few of us would again have thought of them, but for the publication of a little book by their commanding officer, Kapitänleutnant Hellmuth von Mücke. The title of his book, *The Ayesha,* is taken from the name of the little, half water-logged sailing vessel in which he began his adventures. Von Mücke and his party sailed from Keeling Island with four machine guns, a few rifles, and an abundant supply of provisions. Starting their course toward the neutral harbour of Padang in the Dutch East Indies, dodging British cruisers, sailing-out tropical typhoons that threatened to swamp their little boat at any moment, pumping their vessel out day and night, living in quarters adapted for only six men, were but a few of the adventures and difficulties encountered. At Padang, von Mücke succeeded in getting his vessel the reception accorded to a German man-of-war, and after provisioning her and staying the twenty-four hours allowed by international law, he again set sail into the big Indian Ocean. Further adventures and hardships, until the little crew despaired of ever again seeing the Fatherland; when finally they met and boarded the German supply ship formerly used by the *Emden*—the *Choising*. There was not very much to choose between the two vessels, but the *Choising* was more reliable and so with a sharp lookout for the enemy's cruisers, the *Choising* set out on a roundabout course for almost any good landing-

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place in Arabia. Up the Red Sea to Hodeida they did as a matter of fact proceed unmolested, and landing at what was little better than a tent-village, where none of the Arabs could understand them, they set out on foot and by camels through the Arabian Desert following the general direction of the Red Sea, but far enough inland to be out of range of British cruisers.

Then followed encounters with Bedouins and with the terrible climate as well—a part of their trip that reads like the adventures of the most daring explorers of old—until they finally got word to the Turkish forces, who had by that time joined Germany, and were rescued on the verge of starvation. The train ride from El Ula to Constantinople was a triumphal procession for the little band now equipped with real European clothes, letters from home, bands playing, and flags waving. Probably the Imperial German Navy can produce no more unimaginative or machine-made officer than this Kapitänleutnant, but even he with his bare statement of fact and achievement cannot spoil the wonderful and romantic story of adventure and privation endured by himself and his comrades. There will be many tales to come out of this war, but we prophesy that none in their essence can be more thrilling than the story of the landing party of the *Emden*. And if any of these men survive the war, they will have a tale to tell their children that will surpass any of the "famous victories" of ancient lore.

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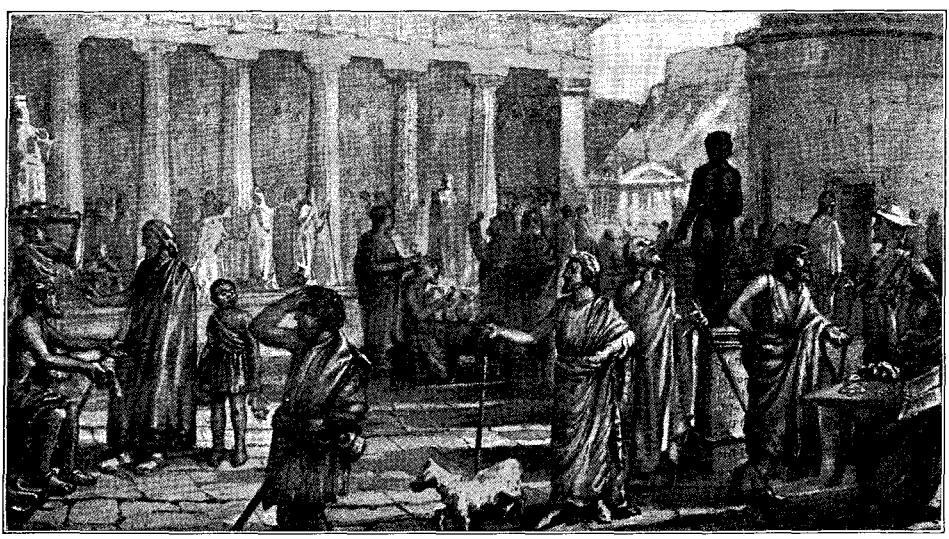
The Glory That Was Greece

To unroll the pageant-scroll of human history and to conceive of it as the Supreme Adventure of which we are the inheritors and in which we play our little parts with our exits and our entrances, is one of the most fascinating and incidentally self-developing diversions which the gods in their wisdom have permitted to the human mind. And it is all the more



THE MARKET-PLACE. FROM "THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES"

Among the figures may be noted a gentleman driving a bargain with a dealer, his negro slave-boy in attendance; in the foreground a peasant with his rough cloak tucked up in a typically bucolic fashion. Alkibiades and his dog advance in the centre, his richly embroidered cloak trailing behind him. On the right a banker sits at his table, folding-tablets in hand. Behind him enters a stranger in travelling hat and cloak.

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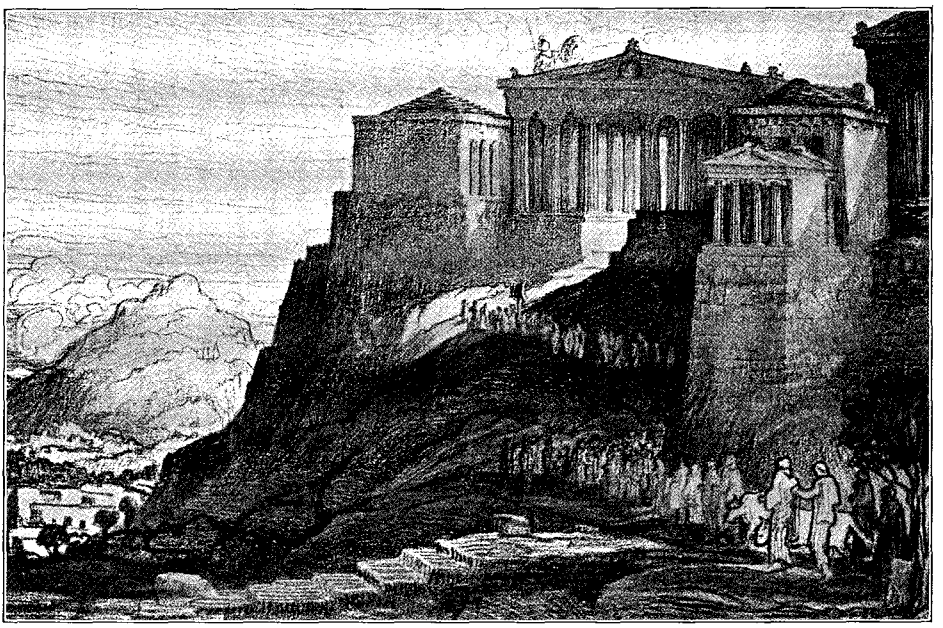

THE PROPYLAEA. FROM "THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES"

The West front of the Akropolis is entirely masked by the Propylæa, with its two massive wings and its pillared central porch, above the gable of which may be seen the colossal bronze statue of Athena. The projecting bastion upon the right holds the little temple of the Wingless Victory and behind is the Parthenon. The Panathenaic Procession is winding up the zigzag approach to the great porch. The steps leading downward to the left descend by a steep slope to the market-place. The roofs of Athens are seen below, and beyond them rises Mount Lykabettos.

welcome a relief when the conditions of life about us become intolerable to contemplate as in this ghastly period of "the last stand of autocracy." History is not a dull succession of dates and dynasties—it is the Romance of Humanity, full of passion, colour, ambition, stirring ideals or sapping and profligate luxury, as the Human Spirit moves through its great cycles of exuberance and decay. And one of those periods of exuberance—one of the most brilliant ages of the flowering of the human genius—centred about the Athens of the Great Age: the Empire under Pericles and Alkibiades, the Athens of Art and Oratory, of Philosophy and "new thought," of Empire and Democracy, of the Renaissance of the Spirit of Individualism from the gossip in the market-place and gymnasia to the scandals at the drinking bouts among the Athenian "younger set." It is this life of the men and women of Athens during this wonderful age that an English scholar, Mr. C. E. Robinson, has re-created for us in a book just published, *The Days of Alkibiades,* a book more fascinating than most novels, more delightful than most romances. Through his narrative we visualise the leading historical personages of the time and their setting: we argue with Socrates in the gymnasium, we walk with Thucydides down between the Long Walls to the Port to get a first-hand story of the great sea fight off Corinth, we saunter down the Street of the Tripods with some young Athenian gallants to listen to the gossip in the barber shop and to be duly shocked at the repartee and the wagers set down there,

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we attend a performance at the great Dionysiac Theatre, we wind up the steep slope of the Akropolis in the Panathenaic Procession, we spend a little visit in an Athenian home of culture and talk with the Athenian ladies about their duties and their "lords," we are invited to a select dinner at which the city's buffoon becomes the butt of the wits of Athens—a dinner at which, too, the guests, becoming over-merry with the good Chian wine, threaten to disrupt the peace of the law-abiding, staid citizens; we stroll in the market-place in the shade of the marble columns, meeting many of the great personages of Athens and learning the latest joke or tit-bit of scandal of the day; we journey with all of Greece to the Olympic games; we attend the celebration of the Mysteries of Eleusis, the most important rite in the Greek religion; we take part in a great land battle against the Thebans and in the ensuing rout of the hoplites join Alkibiades in the rescue of Socrates or flee with the fat Kleonymos, the joke of Athens for many a day; we haggle with the Spartan envoys over the peace terms; we attend a great jury trial and listen to the impassioned speeches of the pleaders on both sides: in fact, we see the life of the Athenian gentleman as he acted, thought, played, fought and sinned in the little world that gave to mankind the priceless treasures of the Art and Philosophy of the Great Age of Athens.

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New Stevenson Poems

Robert Louis Stevenson's early years were fully as stormy in their love affairs as one might expect from such a sensitive, eager genius, if we may judge by the early poems of his just given to the world in book form. Mr. George S. Hellman has edited and annotated two volumes, published by the Bibliophile Society, containing over one hundred hitherto unpublished Stevenson poems, and that they were not given to the public before, Mr. Hellman explains in his introduction:

> Why did not Mr. Balfour or Mr. Colvin, to whom this great mass of manuscript material was probably known, make use of it? The reasons are perhaps not far to seek. In the first place, many of the earlier poems have to do with amatory attachments of the poet in his Edinburgh days; many others are addressed to Mrs. Stevenson, and motives of delicacy may have prevented their appearance during her lifetime. So consistently fine is the spirit of these personal tributes, however, that only the sentiment that such revelations of conjugal love were not for the eyes of the contemporary public could have kept them from being published. A third reason—which applies only to some of the poems of youthful years—is the comparative inferiority of the verses written in the early seventies, and yet even these have a special autobiographical interest.

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A Sincere Poet

While the poems range over the entire period of Stevenson's productivity, most of them were written in his younger manhood and are of an amatory character, revealing the inner, erotic life of those early days. It is Mr. Hellman's thesis that the writing of poetry was not merely an entertainment for Stevenson —or for his friends—as Mrs. Stevenson stated in a preface to her husband's verse: that he was first something of a master of this form of art before he entered the prose realm on which his fame rests, and that as a poet he was "the consistent expositor of a philosophy of art and a philosophy of life." "His poems were conceived and executed in the spirit of an artist who had in mind a definite purpose—that purpose being to give pleasure and cheer." One of the earlier poems, dated in 1873, is addressed to "Claire" and was written in the south of France where he had gone at his physician's advice—it is worthy of note that even at this period part of his treatment was in taking doses of opium.

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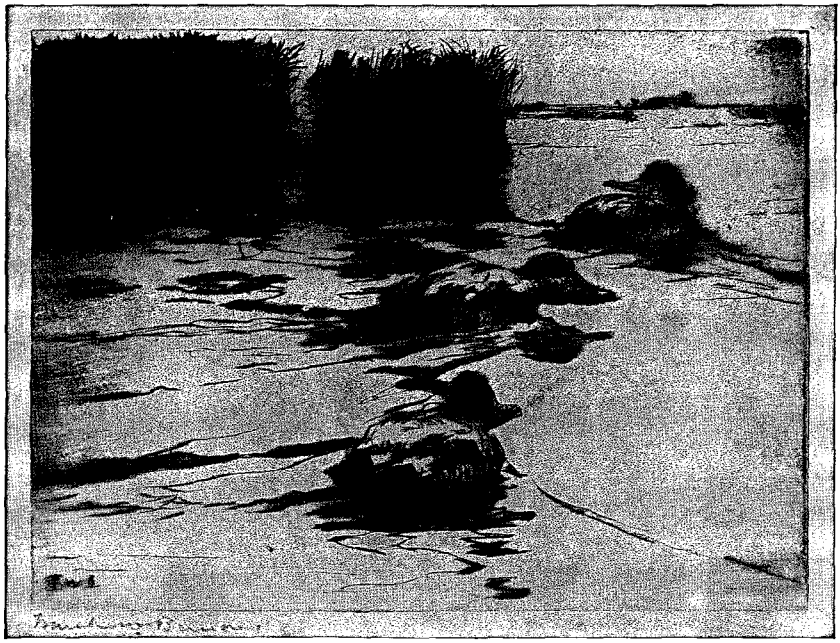

"HURRY!" FRANK W. BENSON. FROM "ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS BY FRANK W. BENSON." BY ADAM E. M. PAFF

The poem follows:

Swallows travel to and fro
And the great winds come and go,
And the steady breezes blow,
  Bearing perfume, bearing love.
Breezes hasten, swallows fly,
Towered clouds forever ply,
And at noonday you and I
  See the same sunshine above.

Dew and rain fall everywhere,
Harvests ripen, flowers are fair,
And the whole earth is bare
  To the moonshine and the sun;
And the live air, fanned with wings,
Bright with breezes and sunshine, brings
Into contact distant things,
  And makes all the countries one.

Let us wander where we will,
Something kindred greets us still;
Something seen on vale or hill
  Falls familiar on the heart;
So, at scent or sound or sight,
Severed souls by day and night
Tremble, with the same delight—
  Tremble, half the world apart.

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To the student of Stevenson and indeed to his many super-enthusiastic admirers, these poems will be a real treasure and a revelation to be studied carefully of the man, Stevenson. To the great public of readers that Stevenson has reached and will continue to reach for generations, these poems, we venture to say, will mean little; they will be little read and will add little to the reputation of this great world-wide story teller.

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Benson's Etchings

In the field of American art the etchings of Frank W. Benson have won a distinguished place. Many of the hundred and ten illustrations of Mr. Paff's catalogue of *Etchings and Drypoints by Frank W. Benson* are portraits, landscapes, and water scenes, but it is the birds that remain vividly in one's memory. A quick review of Mr. Benson's paintings also leaves a chameleon-like impression of many variations on a single theme,—

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youth sitting contentedly in the sunshine,—but this pre-eminence is due only to sheer force of numbers. These waterbirds, however, owe their prominence among his etchings to one of those rare harmonies between the artist and his subject which are based on sympathy and knowledge and extend through skill of hand and choice of medium and method of expression, and which often produce an acceptable substitute for perfection. Mr. Benson is thoroughly familiar with both the anatomy and the psychology of mallards, whistlers, yellowlegs, pelicans and wild geese. He is aware of the infinite variety in ruffled, rippling and swirling water. He is master of a crisp and delicate line which is capable of expressing not merely the forms of nature but her stimulating freshness. And, best of all, the picture-loving artist and the nature-loving man within him are here so evenly balanced that neither can bend the other to his own ends. The dividing line between picture and subject becomes invisible.

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Poe's School in London

Professor Killis Campbell of the University of Texas in examining the Ellis-Allan Papers in the Library of Congress, recently made the important discovery that in 1816-1817 Edgar Allan Poe attended a school in Sloane Street, Chelsea, London. Dr. Lewis Chase of the University of Wisconsin, by consulting the Rate Books in the Chelsea Town Hall, has been able to identify the spot as No. 146 which is next door to Trinity Church of Upper Chelsea, and is itself on the corner of Sloane Square. The school-house was torn down about thirty years ago, but the site as it is to-day, which is occupied by a branch of Parr's Bank, is reproduced here. Incidentally, Poe's London teacher was a Miss Dubourg, a name he later made use of in his story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE ATTENDED SCHOOL AT THIS LONDON STREET CORNER. THE SITE OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IS NOW OCCUPIED BY A BRANCH OF PARR'S BANK

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Lady Warwick

Lady Warwick, who has written for THE BOOKMAN an article on the religion of her "friend and neighbour" Mr. H. G. Wells (and on a few of her own religious ideas), published in another part of this number, has been for upward of thirty-five years one of the interesting personalities of England. To-day she is generally regarded as the most brilliant woman writer on social and socialistic subjects in the English-speaking world. Since the early seventies when, as a child—and a marvellously beautiful child—she was taken by Benjamin Disraeli to see *Romeo and Juliet,* she has been constantly before the public. Emperors, kings and princes have been among her close friends but this friendship has heightened rather than lessened her belief in republican forms of government. She herself says that when she was eighteen her moods were distinctly pessimistic. But when she became older, knowledge brought her new views of life and because of what she learned and by putting her experiences and knowledge to the best uses, she soon understood how to enjoy to the full the days that were given her. A few years ago she was asked by an American interviewer what she considered the best time of life and she replied: "Always after the age of thirty. Better than that, after forty. The very best time is fifty—which is my age."

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Her Castle

Before her marriage Frances Evelyn Warwick was Miss Maynard, generally considered the most beautiful girl in England. Her grandfather was the last Viscount Maynard, her father dying before the viscount. She is a half sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Earl of Roslyn. She married Lord Brooke in 1881, her husband succeeding to the Earldom of Warwick twelve years later. Lady Warwick herself has written the story of the famous castle in her book, *Warwick Castle and Its Earls* which makes fascinating reading. Warwick Castle stands high above the River Avon, a little less than a hundred miles from London. Within its massive walls are extensive lawns and gardens, the walls being flanked by towers measuring one hundred and seventeen feet in height. The view from the castle along the Avon, with its deeply wooded banks, is one of the most beautiful in England. The castle was the scene of a fire in 1871, but the Great Hall and the other apartments which suffered were restored. For many years the castle was involved in England's early wars. It was strengthened after the Norman Conquest and much of the pile as it stands to-day is of more recent date than the Battle of Hastings. The first Castle of Warwick dates back to the time of Ethelfreda, daughter of King Alfred. Henry III made the castle his headquarters in the wars against the barons while Edward IV was imprisoned there. Other sovereigns have been more hospitably entertained within its walls. Queen Elizabeth was one of these, magnificent pageants being arranged for her especial edification.

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"The Radical Countess"

In 1899 Lady Warwick became a socialist and since then has well earned her title of "the radical Countess." In one of her campaigns she toured England in a motor car and delivered speeches in some forty-five parliamentary districts in which representatives of organised labour were offering themselves for election and at the same time she was speaking for the state education of children and adult suffrage—she is a tireless organiser and a brilliant speaker. Some years ago she founded an agricultural college for women and the demand for its graduates has always been larger than the supply. She also helped to form the Anti-Dress League, members of which pledged themselves to have, besides one tea gown, only two dresses a

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THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON. A FAVOURITE PICTURE OF LADY WARWICK'S TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO

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season, one for day-wear and one for evening. Lady Warwick is still one of the most gifted and attractive women in England. Distinguished as a painter, a musician and an author she was in her youth an intrepid rider to hounds, a four-in-hand whip and has always been a sparkling conversationalist. To-day, although she probably no longer rides to hounds or tools a coach, she is a dominating figure in the social life of Great Britain and a trenchant writer on all subjects which call for reform.

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We are Flattered

"F. P. A." (Mr. Franklin P. Adams) in his "Conning Tower" in the *New York Tribune* has again discovered a number of typographical errors in THE BOOKMAN—there were twelve of these little offences in the March issue and the fact of this discovery by Mr. Adams is a source of extreme gratification to us. We write our editorials and collect our articles in the forlorn hope that the Big Public will be interested—and some of them are kind enough to write us letters appreciating or criticising this or that part (we wish there were more of such kindly people: we like letters). But to feel that there is at least *one* subscriber who reads our magazine from cover to cover is inspiring and comforting and brings an added sense of responsibility to us to make the magazine worthy of this delightful attention. And, too, it is our sincere hope that the contents is proving attractive in itself; so interesting that our critic would continue to devour it *in toto* even though by some lucky chance there should not be a single typographical error in a whole issue. More power and keenness to F. P. A.'s all-discerning eye!

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In the February "Chronicle and Comment" a poetical tribute to Raemaekers was quoted from "The Sun Dial," the column in *The New York Evening Sun* conducted by Don Marquis. It has been called to our attention that we should have added that the responsible author is Miss Luella Stewart and not Don Marquis as might be assumed from the paragraph of acknowledgment.

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INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION

BY WILLIAM I. HULL

A NEW ERA

IT IS widely believed that the world in our time has come to the dawn of a new era. On the one hand, the World War is expected to solve many problems of European politics which are hoary with the dust of centuries, or bristling with the acerbities of modern imperialistic colonisation. On the other hand, it is expected that a new international organisation will emerge from the existing chaos and anarchy, and that it will prevent forever all further attempts to cut the Gordian knot of international disputes by means of the sword of national armaments.

TWO SETS OF PROBLEMS

Facing these expectations, the world's statesmen are grappling with two sets of mighty problems. The solution of a full score of national, infra-national and sub-national questions in the Eastern Hemisphere is engaging the absorbed attention of most European thinkers. The thought of the New World, on the contrary, has turned away from the wreck-strewn diplomacy of the past and is seeking to devise means of settling all present and future disputes among the nations by civil instead of by military process. Peace through victory, justice after triumph, is the watch-word of the first group; peace without war, justice by means of law, is the maxim of the second. The ancient confession of *Inter arma silent leges* is being challenged in a new and promising way by the demand that *Arma cedunt togae.*

THE MODERN NATIONALITIES

When the Roman Empire of the West had fallen before the onslaughts of the Teutons, the imperial unity of the civilised world was replaced by inchoate nationalities. These nationalities waxed definite, strong and independent during the thousand years that followed, until first one and then another of them made unsuccessful attempts to conquer their neighbours and to restore the imperial unity of ancient Rome. Hundred Years' wars, Thirty Years' wars, Wars of Aggression, stained Europe's annals with blood and filled its homes with death and misery.

INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION

Out of the ashes of this incessant warfare there arose, in the seventeenth century, in France, Holland and England, a great idea. It gradually crystallised in the minds of such men as Emeric Crucé, Hugo Grotius and William Penn. This was the belief that a new *Pax Humana* could be organised, and that, unlike the old *Pax Romana,* it could exist in the midst of a society of independent, sovereign states. For two hundred years this great idea has been slowly assuming tangible and potent reality. It has had to struggle for existence in competition with such theories as the Balance of Power, The Holy Alliance, the Concert of Europe, and Offensive and Defensive Alliances. Territorial expansion, commercial supremacy, colonial empires, land power and sea power, have sharpened its struggle for existence. But it survives stronger than ever, even in the midst,—and largely because,—of the present wholly unprecedented war; while to its speedy triumph are dedicated the efforts of many virile personalities and several vigourous societies in almost every land.

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PROTAGONISTS OF THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM

Our own country, standing aloof from the war, its causes and its animosities, and attentive to the prime lessons of American history, is the mother of most of the noteworthy societies that are grappling with the task of world organisation; but the land of Hugo Grotius, the Founder of International Law, has fathered an international committee devoted to the same task, and some of the seers and practical statesmen of France, Germany, and England are enlisted in the same cause.

The American Peace Society, founded a century ago for the purpose of promoting international arbitration; the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, and its more popular counterpart, the World's Court League, which arose from the inspiration of the two Conferences at The Hague; and the more recent League to Enforce Peace, which sprang from the terrorism of the present war, are the most prominent societies now engaged in promoting the new international organisation which is to rule the future. Many individuals and societies in Europe are working, even during the Great War, along the same lines of constructive peace; and the Central Organisation for a Durable Peace, which was organised in Holland just after the war began, is seeking to unite the unofficial wisdom and strength of a half-dozen lands in one grand effort to prevent causes of warfare in the future and to substitute judicial for military measures in the settlement of such disputes as will inevitably arise.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S SPEECH TO THE SENATE

To this work of constructive, world-statesmanship, the President of the United States in his recent address* through the Senate to the peoples of the world, has given an impulse of inestimable value. His appeal for "a universal covenant," "a community of power," based upon a new international organisation and consecrated to peace through justice, has not only voiced the judicial experiment of the American people, as exemplified in the Supreme Court, and the best traditions of American history, but has also given expression to the ardent aspirations of "liberals and friends of humanity in every nation and of every programme of liberty."

*President Wilson to the Senate of the United States, January 22, 1917.

NATIONALITY VERSUS INTERNATIONALISM

The "programmes of liberty" most prominent to-day—in so far at least as programmes of international organisation are concerned—have one fundamental characteristic, namely, the project of curbing overweening nationality in the common interests of the entire family of nations. None of them deems it possible or desirable, of course, to swing the nations back across fifteen centuries into the political unity of a world-empire, or even to urge them forward some unknown centuries into a world-republic. But, having read in every modern nation the history of that process by which the rights of the individual were made consistent with the welfare of the people as a whole, the internationalists are determined that the same process shall be repeated, though in less degree, among the nations themselves, and that the rights of each nation, however powerful or however weak, shall be brought into harmony with the welfare of the entire family of nations.

THE FIRST GREAT STRUGGLE

A full appreciation of the long and illustrious growth of modern nationality and of its present great strength will bring with it a realisation of the sharpness of the struggle which must be fought to a finish before the nations can be brought to consent to any diminution whatsoever of their respective sovereignty. Already the alarm has been sounded, the big stick of nationality has

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been flourished, and the battle is on. We Americans, especially, who recall the strength of States' Rights and the severity of the struggle which preceded the triumph of Washington, Hamilton, Madison and the other founders of our Union, can estimate aright the character of the initial contest which confronts the exponents of the new internationalism.

On the other hand, the internationalists have rightly regarded excessive nationalism as the very citadel of international strife, and they count with confidence upon the international organisation being "wrung," as was our Constitution, "from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people." However reluctant the peoples of the world may be, to-day, to forego one iota of their national sovereignty, their international necessities are undoubtedly more grinding than they have ever been before in human history, and they hold promise of being even worse in an unreformed future. The warning of William Penn to the nations of his time lest the great Fish eat up the little ones has become many fold more ominous in view of recent and prospective events; and the words of President Wilson that "mankind is looking now for freedom of life, not for equipoise of power," and that the nations must be "free to live their own lives under a common protection," have made a strong appeal to the minds of all thoughtful men and to all hearts that respond to human weal and woe.

THE INTERNATIONAL STATE

The "common protection" which internationalists are seeking, they are all agreed, must be found in some form of political organisation. They accept as axiomatic Kant's dictum that "the natural state of peoples, like that of individuals, must be abandoned in order to enter a state regulated by law." But this political organisation, or "state regulated by law," is as yet of a very loose and largely undefined character. None of the programmes for its development has demanded a separate international executive, or anticipated much more of an international legislature than came into being with the two Hague Conferences, or agreed upon the constitution and sanctions of the world court.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXECUTIVE

The nearest approach to an international executive is made in the programme of the American Peace Society, which advocates the creation of a permanent committee of the Hague Conference for the purpose of procuring ratification of, and action in accordance with, the conventions and declarations adopted by the conference itself.

This step would be analogous to the appointment by the Continental Congress of a Committee of the States, composed of one representative from each state and charged with the administration of continental affairs during the intermissions of the congress itself.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATURE

All of the programmes include the retention and development of the Hague Conference. It is natural that this should be the common starting-point, the *sine qua non,* of the new peace movement; for the two meetings of the conference which have thus far been held are the great outstanding *faits accomplis* of the internationalism of our time. Although they were in session only nine months in all, they accomplished a truly remarkable task in the codification of large blocks of international law relating to war and neutrality, and above all in the organization of pacific means of settling disputes among the nations. The third and successive meetings of the conference are universally demanded, and they are confidently expected to solidify and carry forward the "unfinished business" of their predecessors. There is a growing demand, also, that this international legislature shall hold its future meetings periodically and automatically, and not be dependent upon the will of a single sovereign, like the Czar of Russia,—as was the case with its first two meetings,

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—or upon the exigencies of international events,—such as the Great War in Europe.* There is a demand, also, that the rule of equality among all the states, great and small, shall be departed from, and some form of proportional representation be adopted; or, at least, that it shall be modified, and some form of our own "Connecticut Compromise" be applied to a bicameral legislature for the United States of the World.

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT

The creation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration stands *facile princeps* among the achievements of the Hague Conference. Relying upon the successful arbitration of more than two hundred international disputes by means of temporary tribunals, the conference realised in part the dream of William Penn in the erection of an international court to which all the nations of the world should come as suitors. During the dozen years between the adjudication of its first case in 1903 and the beginning of the Great War, seventeen of the forty-six nations have knocked at the doors of the Permanent Court, and fifteen cases have been decided by it. All of the eight Great Powers, with the exception of Austria-Hungary, have come as suitors before it,—our own republic four times, Great Britain and Italy five times each, Germany three times, France eight times, and Russia and Japan once each. Some of its cases have been of grave importance or of long standing, and one was between France and Germany.

THE COURT OF ARBITRAL JUSTICE

So successful was the Permanent Court, so convincing is its proof of the practicability of international arbitration, that a noteworthy effort was made at the second Hague Conference to take another step in the development of international jurisdiction by creating the Court of Arbitral Justice. This court was designed to supplement the Permanent Court of Arbitration, which is only a permanent list of judges from whom temporary tribunals are formed for the adjudication of cases as they arise. It was therefore provided with judges who should sit permanently at The Hague and by adjudicating successive disputes build up a body of precedent which would greatly increase the prestige and the attractive power of the court itself. It was also designed to bridge the gulf between arbitration, which usually includes a large element of compromise, and genuine justice, which disregards the policy of give and take and follows law and equity regardless of consequences.

This court was agreed upon in every detail with the exception of the method of selecting the judges. It was universally agreed that a real court was impossible with more than fifteen judges sitting at one time on its bench. Hence the problem arose: How can a court of fifteen judges be constituted so as to give each of forty-five or forty-six nations equality of representation upon it? This question proved unanswerable at the conference and the project of establishing the court was deferred until a satisfactory answer should be found.

Our own Supreme Court, with its nine justices representative of forty-eight states, seems to show that *judicial* representation does not necessitate either numerical equality of representation or the proportional representation which is usual in legislative assemblies. Hence our Supreme Court is being held up to the nations as an exemplar of the World Court, in this particular as in others.

Meanwhile, the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes and the World Court League have been formed with the express purpose of developing and popularising the idea of the Court of Arbitral Justice as the keystone of the arch of international organization.

THE SCOPE OF INTERNATIONAL JURISDICTION

An attempt was made at the second

*The third meeting of the Conference was due in 1915.

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Hague Conference to bind all the nations together in a single world-treaty of obligatory arbitration, which should take the place of the two thousand and seventy treaties between the nations in pairs, which would otherwise be necessary to complete the circle. Another attempt was made to remove the exceptions of independence, national honour, vital interests, etc., which have heretofore greatly restricted the scope of international arbitration, and by greatly widening that scope to bring under arbitral settlement a much larger number of international disputes. Both of these attempts failed at The Hague, but they are both regarded as "unfinished business" for the next conference.

In 1911, President Taft negotiated two identic treaties of arbitration with Great Britain and France, which provided for the arbitration of *all justiciable* disputes, that is, all disputes capable of being decided by law or equity. These treaties were a noteworthy step toward widening the scope of arbitration; but the hyper-nationalism of the United States Senate prevented their ratification. They set up the standard, however, and the pacifists have striven ever since to rally our own and the other nations to it.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONCILIATION

The provision in the 1911 treaties for the arbitration of all "justiciable" disputes implies that there are disputes between nations of a non-justiciable nature; among these are supposed to be questions relating to foreign commerce, colonisation, immigration, and such national policies as the Monroe Doctrine, Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism, etc. For such disputes, conciliation rather than arbitration, and the creation of an International Council of Conciliation, is being advocated.

The germ of this institution is to be found in the International Commissions of Inquiry, which were agreed upon at The Hague in 1899, and which have operated since that time repeatedly and with success. The Taft treaties of 1911 added to the function of investigation, possessed by these commissions, the function of deciding upon the justiciable or non-justiciable character of disputes, and of referring disputes of the former character to arbitration. The Bryan treaties, which have been negotiated between the United States and thirty other countries, provide for the creation of commissions of inquiry and report; and now it is proposed that they shall receive the function and name of conciliation, and that one International Council of Conciliation shall function side by side with the International Court, and that the two together shall cover the entire field of international disputes.

THE INTERNATIONAL SANCTIONS

The most important, and almost the only, point on which the pacifists of today differ is in regard to the sanctions, or guarantees, which they deem it necessary to put behind the international organisation. The Hague Conference left its international organisation upon a purely voluntary basis; that is, it left to the disputant nations themselves the initiative in proposing and agreeing upon the arbitration of their dispute, and in abiding by the arbitral award.

The League to Enforce Peace proposes to prevent a resort to war as the means of settling a dispute; and for this purpose, it would use, first, the economic boycott, and then, if necessary, the armaments of the other members of the league.

The World Court League, on the other hand, believes that the peaceful adjustment of some two hundred and forty-three disputes proves the sufficiency of the sanctions which have operated in the past. Among these are the prestige of judicial settlement, the high character of judges, the good faith and national honour of nations that have bound themselves by treaty, and the national and international public

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opinion which has become one of the outstanding characteristics of our time. These sanctions the World Court League would strengthen, develop and organise; but it believes that to place military force behind them would both vitiate them and at the same time make war inevitable.

There is a third group of pacifists, numerous but unorganised, who reject the alliance of national armaments proposed by the League to Enforce Peace, but insist that back of the sanctions relied upon by the World Court League there must be placed as a last resort a genuine international police force. This proposal would require the development of an international executive and the reduction and limitation of national armaments.

THE REDUCTION AND LIMITATION OF NATIONAL ARMAMENTS

Many of those who do not believe it possible or desirable to establish an international police force,—since the legal compulsion of a sovereign state is both impossible and undesirable,*—have come to believe it necessary to reduce and limit national armaments.

The members of the League to Enforce Peace believe, or hope, that the adoption of their plan would set up so successful a rival to war, in the shape of a well-sanctioned court, that national armaments would be gradually reduced. Many members of the World Court League share this view of the situation, and do not believe it necessary to take any active steps to relegate national armaments to their predestined innocuous desuetude.

The most advanced international thinkers, however, have become convinced that the new international organisation can neither be successfully developed nor be enabled to work successfully after it is developed unless and until an end is put to the constant, competitive increase of national armaments and a reduction is made in the huge armaments which have already been built up. President Wilson gave expression and great momentum to this conviction in his address to the Senate, in which he said:

> The question of limiting naval armaments opens the wider and perhaps more difficult question of the limitation of armies and of all programmes of military preparation. Difficult and delicate as these questions are, they must be faced with the utmost candour and be decided in a spirit of real accommodation if peace is to come with healing in its wings and come to stay.
>
> Peace cannot be had without concession and sacrifice. There can be no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great, preponderating armaments are henceforth to continue here and there to be built up and maintained. The statesmen of the world must plan for peace and nations must adjust and accommodate their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry. The question of armaments, whether on land or sea, is the most immediately and intensely practical question connected with the future fortunes of nations and of mankind.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

With such a programme of international organisation challenging the best thought and supreme effort of our common humanity, there is room for no wonder whatever that the world's real seers and statesmen are eager to bring the present war to as speedy an end as possible. They realise fully, on the basis of both reason and experience, that militarism cannot be killed by militarism, that law cannot be established by anarchy, and that every continued day of the present war places one more obstacle in the path of the new internationalism. It is not solely, perhaps not chiefly, because of the infinite miseries which the war entails, that it is to be condemned and executed as soon as possible; but precisely because it is the worst conceivable foe of just and adequate international organisation. It

*Cf. an article by the author in *The World Court Magazine* for January, 1917, entitled "Our Supreme Court as the Exemplar of the World Court."

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might as well have been hoped to adopt the Constitution of the United States and create the American Union in the midst, or as a consequence, of a war between or among the thirteen states as to hope for further international organisation until the present war shall have stopped and its evil results shall have been at least partially effaced.

Our own country, too, which is the natural and perhaps the destined leader of the world along the path of international organisation, is face to face with a crisis fraught with measureless consequences to ourselves and all the world. The campaign for so-called "preparedness" which has swept over us during the past two years has been inimical in the same way, if not to the same degree, to the programme of international organisation, as has been the Great War in Europe. Appropriations for the army and navy unprecedented in our history and in all history; the attempts in forty-one states and in the nation to introduce compulsory military training in the schools, and universal compulsory military training and conscription among adults; and various other factors of the "preparedness" campaign, have been not only evil in themselves and expensive in many ways to the American pocket-book and the American character, but they have turned the minds of our people away from a consideration of the judicial settlement of international disputes, and, worst of all, have caused them to lose or minimise their faith in such settlement.

If our country should permit itself to be dragged in at the tail end of the present war, it need not be surprised to find the links of militarism which have been forged thus far separately, welded together into a single chain which will bind for a time both the American spirit and the attempt to promote the international organisation in line with the American experiment of a Supreme Court and the reduction and limitation of armaments as between the States of the Union.

It is natural, then, that the best wishers of the new internationalism should view with grave anxiety the double crisis which confronts our own country and the world; but they are far from having lost hope for the future; and their determination that "wars shall end in our time" has been invincibly strengthened by the present emergency.

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

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THE GOD OF MR. BRITLING—AND OF OUR FATHERS

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

IN HIS latest book, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* my friend and neighbour, Mr. H. G. Wells, has discovered God. There is a certain difficulty in associating the creation of a novelist with the creator and it may be quite wrong to suggest that Mr. Wells has created Mr. Britling in his own image, but of all living writers who count no man draws quite so much upon himself. His novels as I see them are in a very large measure views of personal experiences and emotions; he provides the first *milieu* that comes to hand, plunges into the heart of things and carries the reader with him. The secret of success is the possession of a vivid intelligence that sees to the core of things and a certain lively style that holds the reader all the time. Between Mr. Wells and his books there is such a marked family likeness that even when Boon and Bliss conspire to obscure plain issues, the attempt ends in failure. In view of these facts it is at least clear that there is a certain affinity of thought between Mr. Britling of Matchings Easy and Mr. Wells of Little Easton, and I propose to make the one explain the other. But in order to observe the necessary decorum I will write only of Mr. Britling.

That gentleman, an easy going, prosperous, kindly man, is stirred to the depths of his soul by the war. His eldest boy, the apple of his eye, dies for his country, his secretary is reported "missing, probably dead," the harmless little German tutor of his younger lads dies in Russia, a prisoner of war. A great cloud settles upon the pleasant life of Mr. Britling and there issues from the cloud a still small voice.

Mr. Britling recognises God, but not a God of universal recognition. Mr. Britling's God is a kindly soul as anxious as Mr. Britling himself to see it through. One suspects that He has been a little intrigued by the Hun. He is willing to help, but His capacities are clearly limited. The devil is not mentioned, but one can envisage somewhere in the background a figure with horns and cloven hoofs, dominating the general situation. Against his machinations one feels that Mr. Britling's newly discovered Friend must needs play a losing game. Nothing that He suggests or inspires suffices to justify or even to explain the awful sacrifices of war, but Mr. Britling is so amazed by the unexpected revelation that he straightway finds comfort. "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the World." This suffices Mr. Britling, and leaves me very cold indeed. [There is nothing consoling in the existence of a Supreme Power that is not all powerful, that "impotently moves as you or I."] There is a faint suggestion of an elderly and kindly gentleman who hopes that Mr. Britling will do his best, now that the sorry scheme of old time is shattered, to "remould it nearer to the heart's desire," but it seems to me that the world tragedy would not have been less to any appreciable extent if Mr. Britling's son and secretary had returned safe and sound with a V.C. apiece, and the German tutor, in the best of health, had received one of the million odd iron crosses in the gift of Kaiser Wilhelm II. In short, Mr. Britling's God does nothing to account for the war or to hint how humanity may profit in the future from the world tragedy of the present. An amiable, well-intentioned, seemingly

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ineffective Deity, Mr. Britling is remarkably fortunate in being able to gather consolation and hope from such a source, but I would venture to assert that Omnipotence is made of sterner stuff.

Man has ever made God in his own image and we must return to a far earlier conception than Mr. Britling's if we would seek an explanation of the woes that have made so many millions the co-heirs of a boundless legacy of suffering and disaster. I find an explanation in a very familiar definition. "The Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations." There is surely no need to go further than this. The anthropomorphic conception can stand or fall, an old-time necessity it is at least a modern convenience. But whatever the formula we use for expressing God, we do know at least that God works through Moral Law and that the moral laws of the Universe are as essential to its order and progress as the simple rules of physical health are to the individual. The man who runs amok and is ruled by his desires, comes to a bad end, or if his constitution was a robust one he transmits a legacy of disease in one form or another to his children. If a nation departs from sane living, it marks itself out for destruction and if a civilisation fails, that, too, goes under. Here at least is a reasonable development of the quotation that defines the God of the Hebrews and the more closely we examine the whole European situation the more readily shall we be able to see that the definition covers it. It is very absurd for us to expect that any nation can defy with impunity the laws that rule the world; it is rather bad form to disregard these laws and hold the Law Giver responsible when disaster follows. Action and reaction are equal and opposite and dumb acquiescence in the evil done by one nation involves its neighbours in catastrophe, for the moral law works independently of physical boundaries. When a civilisation goes astray it must pay the penalty, call that penalty by what name you will. If humanity on this planet persisted in wrong-doing, in defying the moral law, I am convinced that every civilisation we boast would disappear. Day by day, hour by hour, there are new worlds in the making, the Milky Way is the great factory of the Cosmos and I think we take a gravely exaggerated view of our own significance, we inhabitants of an insignificant planet who are apt to believe that the whole stellar system was designed for our benefit. I am convinced that some form of moral law pervades the creation we know and the creation beyond our ken. This is why I am inclined to take exception to Mr. Britling's very gentlemanly and rather helpless God, I doubt if He would fill Matchings Easy, I am quite sure He would not be large enough for Essex and I realise, however reluctantly, that there is a world beyond this delightful and little known county. It is best to be in the strong hands of Power than in the feeble hands of kindly Incapacity. Let us see whether the state of Europe justified war or rather if it made war inevitable.

With due apologies to every British apostle of the comfortable doctrine of self-righteousness I must decline to regard Germany as the villain of the piece. I can only see her as the sharp knife that lanced the festering ulcer of modern "progress," a progress that was travelling hard in the wrong direction. I see Germany as the unconscious agent, the dangerous remedy by which a desperate disease may yet be healed, and it seems to me that this disease was spreading fast over all Europe to say nothing of the New World that must work out its own salvation. The disease was the pursuit of riches and power at any price. To this end millions of men in Germany and Austria had been dragooned out of all proper semblance of humanity, they had become the brute force by which autocracy with the aid of prostituted science sought to register its evil decrees. In England the pur-

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suit of power and riches took another form. Of militarism we had little or none, but from ten thousand factories and workshops, from a thousand slums the cry of the worker uprose to God. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." There is no rhetoric about this, merely the plain unvarnished fact. Statesmen have spoken of so many millions living on the poverty line, housing commissions have spoken of the vile dens in which men, women and children are condemned to live. Great doctors have described the unending war against infant life to which every sweater and slum landlord is a party—and England is, or was before the war, the richest country in the world. The facts are patent. So we have seen for long years past the slow deliberate throttling of democracy, by force of arms in Central Europe, by force of industry at home, while the control of the world has passed more and more into the hands of an unstable, degenerate and often diseased group of men whose claim to rule over humanity is founded upon their blood! Reformers preached only to the converted and every act of the world's rulers was aimed at making the rich richer, the poor poorer and the servile more servile than before. In the midst of riches men and women starved, in the midst of peace millions were shut up in barracks. Science became above all things the servant of destruction, and the national wealth instead of easing the burden of those who have most to bear, was devoted to the piling up of armaments that should crack the fabric of civilisation from base to summit. That such conditions should endure was impossible, to believe that they could was as blatant a form of atheism as the thinking mind can devise. To those of us who have seen destruction coming, nothing remained unrevealed save the definite shape that destruction would take. In the midst of seeming prosperity, Europe was rotten to the core. The time came, the time that was bound to come and now because of our own misdoings the cities have become desolate, and the Jealous God has visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children so completely that there can hardly be a street in belligerent Europe wherein no house of mourning is to be found. The nations have been chastened because of their iniquities and by the God who works through the Moral Law. To this awful and supreme God Mr. Britling's Friend does not appear to me to bear the slightest relation. He is rather like the Master Potter of the Persian tentmaker, "He's a good fellow and t'will all be well." I think if Mr. Britling were to pursue his story he would find himself rather disappointed in his Friend after the first rapture of acquaintance had died down. If we are to placate the real God, and to see that the iniquities of the fathers are not visited upon the third and fourth generations we must see to it that after this war democracy becomes a living thing, that men and women have the fullest freedom and that they are no longer forced to hate their fellow creatures to oblige rulers who have no valid claims upon existence. Mr. Britling will find a sterner taskmaster but the reward for the difficulties of obedience will atone.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

FAR UP IN THE MYSTERY HILLS

Far up in the Mystery Hills
  Lies hid the little stone,
And I must climb the Mystery Hills
  On the grey day, alone.

Under the aching sky at noon
  Blows a vast wind and cries
Dead hours and their solemnities:
  Ah, they were still and wise.

And is it this, the little stone?
  Oh, my poor brother, see
The broken things, the broken things,
  That will not let me be.

CLOUDS

The clouds rise over the high mountains,
They rise over the rim of the sea . . .
While I was looking away, the first one rose.
Swift, swift, swift,
Still like birds, silent like thoughts, inexorable like time . . .

I have tried—I cannot stop them!
It was all light a while ago—all clear:
Now they have put out the sky.

I should not have looked away.

**This series will continue throughout the year, and in it will be published many of the best examples of contemporary American poetry. At the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be given, but in the meantime* The Bookman *Editor invites opinions regarding the poems and their authorship. In the "Mail Bag" department this month is published a letter giving a critical estimate of the first section of this series that appeared in the February issue. Many of* The Bookman *readers may agree with the opinions expressed therein—and again they may not!—Editor's Note.*

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DRUMNOTES

DAYS of the dead men, Danny.
Drum for the dead, drum on your
remembering heart.

Jaures, a great love-heart of France,
a slug of lead in the red valves.
Kitchener of Khartoum, tall, cold, proud,
a shark's mouthful.
Franz Josef, the old man of forty haunted
kingdoms, in a tomb with the Hapsburg
fathers, moths eating a green uniform
to tatters, worms taking all and leaving
only bones and gold buttons, bones and
iron crosses.
Jack London, Jim Riley, Verhaeren, riders to
the republic of dreams.

Days of the dead, Danny.
Drum on your remembering heart.

RAINY DAY

THE patient rain falls in a hush
On the poor little town;
All night long it fell on the street
Where the leaves lie dead and brown.

The drug-store shines with wet,
And behind the glass panes stare
The pale eyes of the palsied woman
Who lives by her kind son's care.

Nobody goes out at all;
But the little ships at sea
Sail wisely through the mist of rain
And this night they will be

Rocking at the wharves
Of the poor little town,
And the strong captains shouting Ho! Ho!
After the sails come down.

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THE VILLAGE OF SYNDICATE REVISITED

BY JAMES L. FORD

THE Nobel Prize of forty thousand dollars had been awarded to the author of "Amaryllis," the most exquisite poem of the year—"of the century," declared more than one of the judges—and Dr. Ole Lucknoi, whose "Epic of the Anchovy" is known throughout all Scandinavia, had come to this country for the purpose of bestowing it. Unable to find any traces of the fortunate prize winner, of whom nothing was known save that his name was Henry Envoi and that his verses actually rhymed, Dr. Lucknoi called on me for advice and assistance in his search.

Instantly I thought of the "Village of Syndicate," founded by Mr. S. S. McClure some twenty odd years ago on the banks of the Hackensack River as a model literary community. I had not visited the place in many years but I well remembered its rows of neat cottages, a tree in front of each and a pump for every two; its common kitchen, dining-room and recreation hall; its docks on the river bank piled high with bales of fragrant literary wares; and, above all, its air of cheery industry and content, for Syndicate was a democracy in the true sense of the word, knowing neither the luxury of extreme wealth nor the misery of bitter poverty.

Dr. Lucknoi gladly accepted my invitation to visit this remarkable community. When we arrived there I looked in vain for the old familiar signs of social and professional equality. All was changed. The village resembled the ordinary New Jersey suburb, save that the contrast between the squalour of its meaner quarter and the luxury and wealth of the superb mansions that occupied the wooded heights above the town was painfully apparent. Directed by the station agent to the stately home on Best Selling Heights occupied by Susan Scuttleworth Scraggs, the author of the "Mary Mushpot" Series, said to be the most profitable brand of literary goods on the market, we were ushered by a liveried servant into a wide hall, luxuriously furnished, and adorned with priceless collections of the originals of magazine covers, many of them of great antiquity dating back to the early days of the Munsey conquest of the newsstands. The morning breeze swept in through the open windows bearing the scent of the magnolia blossoms. No sound broke the silence save the falling water in a marble fountain and the persistent click of a typewriter in an adjoining room.

The door opened and Mr. Scraggs entered, introduced himself as the husband of the author and courteously inquired the purpose of our visit. He shook his head sadly at the mention of Henry Envoi's name saying: "I doubt if you will find him here. Certainly he is not a person of any social standing, such as one of my class would be apt to know. It is just possible, however, that he lives inconspicuously in the poets' quarter in the poorest section of the town."

"But," exclaimed Dr. Lucknoi, "I supposed that all was equality here. Will you kindly explain to me the social structure of your very interesting community?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Scraggs: "The members of our literary aristocracy occupy the mansions here on Best Selling Heights. We owe our exalted position to the fact that we have long since discarded those qualities of truth, wit, spirituality and poesy which are not in accord with the spirit of the modern book counter. The Sob Sisters rank next to us, though we rather look down

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on them as *nouveaux riches*. This term, however, does not apply to that genuinely gifted imaginative writer, Wee Winnie Weepy, the author of that exquisite *Idyll of Disaster* beginning: 'I sobbed my way through the closely guarded lines, past the grim-visaged soldiers, who stepped aside with a muttered, "God speed you," when they saw the great loaves of bread in my arms and knew that I was the bearer of Mr. Hearst's bounty. "God bless Mr. Hearst," cried a little child as she looked up at me and smiled and died. I placed one of our blessed comic supplements over the still pale face and went on to the relief of the suffering ones.'

"A little lower in the social grade," continued Mr. Scraggs, "are the historians and writers on scientific, industrial and religious subjects, very worthy folk for the most part but not, of course, on a par with us. In fact we regard them as distinctly middle class, especially the historians who frequently relate things as they were, which is almost as bad as portraying them as they are now. In our very lowest grade, meaning the hopelessly poor and truthful you will find such unfortunates as satirists, poets and other literary anarchists, the avowed enemies of our better element. But we do not turn a deaf ear when they cry for aid. At this very moment my wife is preparing a basket of food and other necessaries for the family of a starving satirist and I must soon be on my way to deliver it. Perhaps you would like to go with me?"

We gladly accepted his invitation and in a few moments his automobile was bearing us down the smooth avenue, past the ornate villas of the Sob Sisters, through the quiet street where stood the humble cottages of historians and scientists, and thence down to the squalid alley where grim poverty stalked hand in hand with literary vice.

During our short drive Mr. Scraggs explained to us that the satirist was also a literary anarchist who had tried to sap the vitals of best selling fiction by his blasphemous truthfulness. He had sought to undermine the simple faith of the public in the great gospel of mush. He had denied the monkey dinner, the backbone of all novels dealing with fashionable life, and had even declared that no brat of eleven ever converted a whole town by the simple magic of her "gladness."

In a grimy attic chamber we found the satirist engrossed in the work of demolishing that favourite motto of cheery, best-selling optimism, "God's in His heaven; all's well with the world." A baleful look came into his face as he recognised his visitor. Then he caught sight of the well-filled basket and his face softened, as the faces of even the best of men soften in the presence of food and drink.

"My poor misguided friend," said Mr. Scraggs, as he placed bread, meat and wine before the hungry family; "why do you persist in following this will-o-the-wisp called truth? It can lead you nowhere. We would gladly welcome you to that happy hunting ground of mendacity and mediocrity called Cheery Optimism and to companionship with the best sellers who inhabit it. I trust that you are not bringing up your innocent children to the pernicious craft of portraying life as it is? You might as well make poets of them."

The anarchist shuddered. "No, not that," he cried hoarsely, "I was a poet myself once, but my poems *would* rhyme no matter how hard I tried to prevent them. *Vers Libre* controls the market now, but I—well I cannot write like this:

The city wakes to its daily tumult and the work of the toilers is resumed once more.
Soft slides the banana peel from the garbage box filled to overflowing.
Loud rings the galvanized iron can on the sidewalk.
What comes rumbling down the dreary street —the street that is without song?
It is the ash-cart.
Oh ho! the ash-cart's din!
I sing the epic of the ash-cart, thundering down the street!

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"You are a poet and your verses rhyme?" cried Dr. Lucknoi excitedly, "Then surely you must be——"

"Henry Envoi," replied the satirist in mournful accents.

"Thank God that I was not too late," exclaimed the bearer of the great Nobel Prize as he raised his eyes to heaven in devout gratitude.

The rest of this little tale is quickly told.

Henry Envoi was welcomed to the innermost circles of Best Selling Heights, not on account of his wealth, but because of the Happy Ending to his own sordid life story. Free from care and anxiety he has repented of his evil ways and no longer writes the truth in the witty, amusing fashion that led to his downfall. Seated in his study, which is artfully decorated in a manner designed to prevent all concentrated thought, surrounded by shelves rich in vellum-bound, hundredth editions of his own works, he cheerfully guides the hands of his little ones as they write editorials for the *New Republic* and smiles approvingly and lovingly on his faithful wife as she prepares her monthly budget of bad advice to foolish girls for the *Woman's Home Gazoo,* which employs her at a large salary.

His is indeed, a Happy Ending calculated to bring tears of envy to the eyes of the most hardened publisher.

COMPENSATION

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Sometimes I hammer my songs out of the hot steel of my hatred;
And sometimes I carve them out of the cold marble of my envy.
In answer come sounds of scattered applause, as from a remote distance;
But no one approaches.

Sometimes, without motive, I weave my songs out of the playfulness of my heart,—
And find the whole world at my door!

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THE HEADS OF THE PUBLIC

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE seems to be a general assumption—on the part of editors and managers and publishers—that the reading and theatre-going public is made up, for the most part, of fools.

Several years ago, the present writer was invited to prepare a series of instructive articles for a magazine whose circulation amounted to a million copies every month. "Remember, first of all," remarked the editor, "that our magazine is planned to appeal to the women-folk of Muncie, Indiana. Don't use any words that the women-folk of Muncie would not be likely to understand; don't refer to any authors that they haven't heard of. Write down to them. Don't talk above their heads." The answer was, of course, inevitable. "Have they read Sir Thomas Browne? Have they seen the lovely little jewel-box of Nîmes? Do they know the difference between Savonarola and a brand of soap?" "I'm afraid not," said the editor, and sighed. At this point, the writer retreated from the office, with a dignified adieu—for that was many years ago, and he accepted the editor's opinion of the public of Muncie, Indiana. But he knows better now.

Only a month ago, a paid-for page of advertisement was printed in THE BOOKMAN, in which Dr. Frank Crane [of *The New York Globe*] was quoted as asserting that a book called *Susan Lenox,* by the late David Graham Phillips, "is vastly more vivid than Dante." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Dante is the greatest man who ever lived and the most vivid author who ever wrote a line. Yet the publishers of *Susan Lenox* have spent their money to tell the public that the work of David Graham Phillips "is vastly more vivid than Dante." The only obvious presumption is that—somehow or other—they expected the public to believe this printed statement.

Whenever a prospective theatre-goer picks up a Sunday paper in New York and scans the page devoted to the catalogue of current plays, he will find himself informed [at a cost of many dollars for every advertisement] that each of no less than twenty plays is "the hit of the season," and that nearly every play in New York, without exception, is "the greatest play of the century." The simple fact that nearly all the managers pay money for the printing of these contradictory announcements affords us ample evidence that their estimate of the general intelligence of the theatre-going public is preposterously low.

The fact is that many editors and publishers and managers assume a state of imbecility in the general and public mind. Their advice to authors, nearly always, is couched in some such phrase as this,—"Be careful, *do* be careful not to talk above their heads!" That other danger [thanks to thee, Maurice Donnay, for lending us the phrase!],—that other danger of talking *underneath* the heads of the public is a matter that they seldom seem to think of! It never occurs to them, apparently, that the public may know more than they know themselves, and that the public may care more about the calling of high matters than they themselves have ever learned to care.

No author who really is an author can ever be successfully advised to "write down" to the public. The only reasonable thing to do—as every author knows—is to "write up" to the public; for every artist who has mystically listened to the elusive but imperious in-

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sistence of the harmony of words knows that nothing can be gained by a deliberate destruction of the predetermined pattern, and that everything is to be gained by a frank and free appeal to all the ears of all the world that are capable of hearing. As Lincoln said, in an apostolic moment, "You can't fool all the people all the time." Why not, therefore, take a chance and trust them?

Many, many years ago [for this was long before the period of moving pictures] the present writer attempted to compose, in collaboration with a man who has since become a noted poet, a melodrama of the type designed to appeal to the public of Third Avenue. It was called *The Mad Dog*—if memory is not at fault—and the villain was a wicked doctor whose special business in life was to assault the lives of heroes and of heroines by inoculating them with germs of hydrophobia. But, after the first act had been sedulously planned, the poet said, one evening,—"The trouble with this job is that we haven't learned how not to laugh about it. Owen Davis doesn't laugh: Theodore Kremer never laughed in his life. For Gawd's sake, let's be serious!" And then we tried—very, very hard—to be serious; but, after many weeks, we discovered that this consummation devoutly to be wished could not be achieved by merely taking thought. We did not know how not to laugh: we could not capture the mystic secret of "writing down" to the public of Third Avenue. We discovered, incidentally, that such masterpieces as *Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl* or *Chinatown Charlie, The King of the Opium Ring* can be written only by authors who are as certain of their mission and their message as Mr. Percy MacKaye; and we learned also that the only way to do a job successfully is to care about it, and to care about it absolutely. *The Mad Dog*—needless to say—was never written; but it served its momentary purpose in the scheme of things by teaching two young authors that the general and public mind is not a thing to be despised.

Why should it be despised, when so often—so very, very often—it has shown a disposition to stand up and to salute the momentary passing of anything at all that may be looked upon as offering an intimation of immortality? The heads of the public loom far higher than our managers or editors or publishers imagine. The problem is not how to talk down to them, but how to talk up to them! The only proper aspect for the author is the attitude of any of those favoured saints of Perugino's painting, who look upward at they know not what, and smile, and wonder, and believe, and—in consequence—convince.

For nearly twenty years our theatre has been hampered by the fact that it has been commercially controlled by a little coterie of managers who—lacking education, lacking culture, lacking taste—have neglected to perceive the simple fact that, in these respects, the heads of the public have towered higher than their own. They have approached the public not humbly and with due respect, but arrogantly and with the sort of scorn which accompanies incompetence. They have based their business on a bland assumption that the people who support the theatre have no brains.

It took the managers a long time to learn that Mr. Bernard Shaw—whose humour they could not appreciate—was funnier than Mr. George V. Hobart—whose humour they themselves could understand. Even now, a number of these managers would not believe that high-class comic writing pays, if they were not convinced against their prejudices by the records of their own box-offices. For six years after the publication of *Justice* and the initial productions of this play in Manchester and London, the piece was frowned upon by all our managers, because it was "too serious," because it had been written by a great man, because it was "literary" and had been printed by Charles Scribner's Sons,

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—because, to sum the matter up, it was "over the heads of the public." When, at last, *Justice* was put into rehearsal by a new *impresario,* Mr. John D. Williams, his own partners withdrew from participation in the enterprise, because they were convinced that a composition so earnest, so thoughtful, and so harrowing in its appeal to the social conscience could never "get by" with the theatre-going public. When the piece was "tried out" in New Haven, no less than seven New York managers "looked it over" and refused to run the risk of "booking" it in their theatres. One manager—and only one—knew enough about the public to perceive that *Justice* was not a "failure." This was Mr. Sam H. Harris. He immediately made arrangements to expel one of his own productions from his own theatre in New York, in order to provide a stage for this earnest and uncompromising composition by a great man overseas. The success of *Justice* in New York was instantaneous. The play ran for weeks and weeks to crowded houses; and thousands of dollars were poured into the coffers of the two men—Mr. John D. Williams and Mr. Sam H. Harris—who had had sufficient faith to look up to the public.

There have been many recent indications that the dominance of the American theatre is passing rapidly from those managers whose habit has been always to look down upon the heads of the public to a younger and a newer group who have adopted the more salutary habit of looking up to heads which they mystically hope to find somewhere in those higher regions which have remained, for such a long time, unexplored. Such managers as Mr. Williams, Mr. Winthrop Ames, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins have paid the theatre-going public the unexpected compliment of assuming that the public is equipped with culture and with education and with taste. In all their undertakings, these new managers have been actuated by a motive which may be defined—in philosophic terms—as "a daring to believe." They have dared to expect the public to enjoy such plays as *Justice* and *Pierrot the Prodigal* and *A Successful Calamity;* and this daring has been appreciated and rewarded by a public which enjoys the quite uncustomary feeling of being approached with that degree of courtesy which arises from respect.

The most impressive lesson to be learned from studying the records of the recent and still-current theatre-season is the lesson that no play by any author of importance has failed to be supported by the public, and that nearly all the failures of the season were meted out to plays of the so-called "popular" variety, in which the authors had deliberately tried to "write down" to the public. Among the most impressive failures of the year may be recorded a number of productions whose titles, even now, are somewhat difficult to recollect:—*Broadway and Buttermilk, Somebody's Luggage, A Pair of Queens, A Little Bit of Fluff, Fast and Grow Fat, His Majesty Bunker Bean, The Intruder, Rich Man Poor Man, Object—Matrimony, Our Little Wife, Mile-A-Minute Kendall,* and *In for the Night.* It scarcely seems unfair to assume that all these compositions were written to satisfy the managerial conception of "what the public wants"; for, otherwise, it would be extremely difficult to imagine any reason why they were ever written at all.

While plays like these were falling by the wayside—upon stony ground, a positive and undeniable success was achieved by a great author who has never visited America, and has never met such magnates as Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert, and has never considered for a single moment the problem of trying to write badly because of the assumption that most people have no taste. There is no denying that Lord Dunsany has been more talked about than any other author who has contributed to the recent and still-current theatre-season in America. No less than five of his plays have been acted in New York within the last six months, and

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his name is now upon the lips of thousands of the people who support our theatres with their patronage. But the practical success of Lord Dunsany has been achieved by such "insurrectionary" institutions as the Portmanteau Theatre and the Neighborhood Playhouse. *The Gods of the Mountain* was first presented in America by a manager of the earlier [and now nearly obsolete] persuasion, Mr. William A. Brady. This production was "tried out" in Buffalo in April, 1912. After only six performances [in Buffalo and Rochester], Mr. Brady made up his mind that this masterpiece was "over the heads of the public" and abandoned the project of presenting it. When the play was resumed in October, 1916, by Mr. Stuart Walker, it immediately scored a great success which has been confirmed already in many different sections of this country.

Only four years ago, the continuance of the most beautiful play that has ever yet been written in America—namely, *The Yellow Jacket,* by George C. Hazleton, Jr., and J. Harry Benrimo—was cut short by a lack of foresight on the part of two or three hard-headed business men who had adopted the contagious habit of looking down on the heads of the public. After its initial "failure" in New York, *The Yellow Jacket* was successfully produced in London, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Madrid, and Montevideo; for, in these foreign capitals, the magnates who control the theatre are accustomed to pay their patrons the compliment of looking up to them. Last autumn, a new manager, Mr. Charles D. Coburn, decided to attempt the great adventure of bringing *The Yellow Jacket* back to Broadway. He offered his production tentatively at a series of ten special matinees; but the triumph of the play was so emphatic that it had to be presented subsequently for more than a hundred and fifty nights. In this instance, Mr. Coburn was signally rewarded for his daring to decide to "talk up" to the public.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's *Magic* has been printed and published for many, many months; but all the older managers have shied away from the proposition to produce it in America, because of a superstitious fear that it was "over the heads of the public." Their argument appeared to run as follows:—*Magic* was written by a great man—therefore it was "high-brow"; it was written unusually well—therefore it would bore the "tired business man"; it was mystic and poetical—therefore it would be incomprehensible to the general and public mind.

When *Magic* was finally produced in New York by a new manager, Mrs. Emilie Hapgood, it was received with favour by the theatre-going public. The celebrated name of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton attracted more people to the box-office than it could possibly have kept away. The managerial superstition that the public would refuse to patronise a play by an author who was generally recognised as a man who had something serious to say was impressively exploded.

The experience of the past year goes to show that the surest way for any playwright to succeed in New York—and subsequently throughout the length and breadth of the United States—is [as Sir Philip Sidney said] to shoot beyond the moon, by aiming above the altitude which is commonly assumed to house the heads of the public. Those of us who write plays should cease to think of Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert; we should think only of ourselves and God, since the public has clearly manifested a deserving to be accepted as a contributory and conclusive corner to this mystic and eternal triangle. The people who constitute the drifting population of Broadway have—in the slang language of the theatre-district—emphatically "come across." No longer is it possible to reap an easy harvest of success by "talking down" to them: the only logical procedure is, henceforth, to "talk up" to them and to remove our hats in graceful deference to heads that are more lofty than our own.

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UNDER THE RABBIS' SPELL

BY A. S. ISAACS

WHAT a treasure-house it is—that almost inexhaustible Orient of legend and homily! If the one debt which we owed to the East was for its Scriptures which the greater part of mankind holds sacred, that were obligation enough; but there is the long procession of epics, stately and profound, of romances, that still move the cultured reader, of poetry—lyric, dramatic, and didactic—now secular, now theological; a variegated *mélange* of fable, homily, jest, narrative, and proverb. No wonder Eastern fairy tales have a universal appeal. They caught the colour of life in every shade. They respond to the call of every human emotion. They serve as source book for many modern writers and appear in fresh garb in the novel and on the stage, while they furnish endless themes for the composer and the artist.

Out of the Orient, saved happily from the fate of many of its treasures whose decipherment still baffles the inquirer, and which, perhaps, will always remain fragments hard to read, is the wonder-work of the early rabbis: those creations and compilations of the rabbinical brain which constitute what is known as Talmud and Midrash. Both words weave a mystic spell of their own. They embody that peculiar quality of moral and mental fibre, of logic and sentiment, which formed part of the rabbis' heritage and trained them to bear with perfect self-control the shock of exile or the catastrophe of national ruin. It was a self-control, too, which had little in common with self-surrender or dumb submission to fate. It implied resolute endeavour to rebuild the ancient foundations and utilise each fresh opportunity to learn and to teach. As Browning writes in his Ben Ezra, the rabbi's function was to

> . . . welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
> Be our joys three parts pain!
> Strive and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

On the return to Palestine after the Babylonian Exile, with undeniable changes and adaptations in its train, the new conditions made necessary vigourous measures for the maintenance of traditional customs and institutions. The nation had to be restored, and nothing at first seemed to daunt the courage of the leaders or the loyalty of the people. Gradually system and order developed from confusion and uncertainty, and in addition to the national constitution—the Law—there arose a mass of by-laws, "hedges to the law," to strengthen the ancient structure. The sages built cautiously and might have succeeded amid the sharp conflict of opinion, and the menace of domestic corruption and foreign strife, when Jerusalem fell before the Roman legions. Vanquished on the battle-field, the Jew proved the victor in his academy where transformed from warrior to student he reared a new Temple—a Temple of study—which was to resist the enemy in every age. To-day after twenty centuries it attracts its votaries throughout the world, not only those of its own creed, but non-Jewish scholars in many lands, while it is made the subject of special research at numerous universities, it is edited and interpreted in different languages, and from its literature famous modern poets select thoughts and parables for their melodious theme.

It was a far-sighted rabbi, Johanan ben Sakkai, who after the fall of Jeru-

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salem gathered together at Jamnia a band of disciples and began anew the study of the law and tradition so abruptly disturbed by the clash of Roman arms. It was not only the problem of adaptation of old ideals to the new environment but of preserving the old methods and principles amid troublous times. Under Johanan and his successors was evolved the Talmud, signifying "learning," which received its final redaction about 500 of the common era. Besides its main stream of legal decisions and discussions based on the oral law, it contains an immense number of parables and stories that illustrate moral and ethical ideals. The passion for preaching gave rise to the Midrash, originally a method of exposition of Scripture, which means "expound" or "study," and came to refer to extensive collections of homilies, based primarily on the Pentateuch, but extended later to other books of the Bible. The Talmud may be called the legal digest or commentary—the Midrash, the ethical exposition or interpretation, although such definitions can hardly be termed exact.

These works, then, embodying history, literature, ethics, and religion, stretch over fully six to seven hundred years and re-echo the opinions and moods of several hundred authorities of varying importance. Here is a judicial code of serious import and table-talk which forms a kind of rabbinical day-and-night's entertainment. Here are law and fantasy, logic and sophistry, history and legend, philosophy and mysticism, penetrating common sense and childish exaggeration. Here are text and pretext, truths of universal application and "trifles light as air." It is a kaleidoscope, with its ever changing points of view, gems of preciousness and of paste, a picture gallery of famous people—king, priest, scholar, commoner, hero, heroine—a fragment of a world's chronicle in which appear Rome, Persia, India, Judea, Greece, Asia Minor and the isles of the sea. Strange to say, while the Talmud and rabbinical literature were often put under the ban, and their study proscribed by Council and Ruler in the Middle Ages, to-day the broader world of learning is unmistakably under their spell. Despite formidable difficulties in language, phrase and arrangement, with so many intricate Oriental windings and bewildering secret-chambers not so easily entered save by the initiated,—in Talmud and Midrash can be seen a repository of a people's tears and sorrows no less than of their ideals and sympathies, their hopes and visions that extend from past to present and are coloured by gleams of the future.

The rabbis who appear in the early centuries are usually portrayed by more or less profound critics as rigid casuists, strictly adhering to the letter of the law, mere formalists, without breadth or spirituality. With no discrimination, it is as a Pharisee of the Pharisees in the current superficial meaning of the term that the typical rabbi is known. That he was intensely human in his weaknesses need not be denied, that he concealed nothing, extenuated nothing, and uttered his opinions with perfect frankness may also be admitted. But he was more than legalist or sophist. He could forget his dignity and be a child again, as he told or heard the tales or parables that so wondrously beautify the olden codes and homilies, and are replete with such ethical charm as to retain their point and freshness in every generation.

Let us take some of those parables and narratives and present them more or less unvarnished to the reader. Without their context, they may appear bare and fragmentary. It is as if you would stage *The Midsummer Night's Dream* without woodland and moonlight. So you will have to draw upon the imagination to furnish background and atmosphere, now in Palestine, and now in Babylonia, with the students eagerly listening or debating in the academy or the rabbis earnestly expounding the scriptures on Sabbaths and holy days to devout gatherings. Practical benevolence, rather than sentimental almsgiv-

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ing, is the *motif* in many a rabbinical narration.

A kindly surgeon carried his humanity so far as to place a box in a retired corner of his office, and each patient unnoticed could put therein the fee, small or large, while the needy who had nothing to give would not be ashamed. In fact he never took money from poor scholars, but gave them help that they might recover the more quickly after treatment. Now the head of the academy, knowing well his character, sent him one day as patients two learned rabbis, who were properly attended to and remained over night. In the morning, without bidding their host farewell, they returned home, taking with them the handsome bed coverings. On the same day he noticed them in the market place. They drew near, showed him the coverings and asked him to state their value. They thought his estimate too low, but he assured them it was correct. Then they confessed it was his property, which they had taken only to observe his demeanour. "Now tell us," they added, "what did you think of our action?" He told them that he thought they wished to ransom some innocent prisoner and not venturing to ask him for a contribution, took the necessary amount. When they begged him to receive back his property, he refused on the ground that already in thought he had destined it for charity.

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Hillel sat in the circle of his students, who listened eagerly to his words of wisdom, which quieted every doubt and instilled ardent hope. What was hidden, he made clear; what was crooked, he made straight. He was the gentlest of teachers and full of the cheeriest optimism. No wonder the people, old and young, loved to gather around him, forgetting as he spoke the flight of time in the fullness of their rapture. So passed the hours that day and the shadows were lengthening. Yet the discussion continued, illumined by many an anecdote that made still clearer the teacher's thought. Suddenly he arose and said with an earnest look, "I must attend to my guest. Tomorrow we shall meet again." At the same hour each day he made similar utterance to the people's wonderment. All knew how poor he was and how could he invite a guest to share his poverty! His pupils resolved to solve the riddle, and entering his home, found him at his meal, but no guest was there. They were vexed that he should deceive them. Then he told them in his winning way: "My body is here at home, but do I know how long my soul will remain its guest? I give you much of my life and strength but not all of it. I must take good care of my guest."

There lived a rabbi whose greatest delight was to visit his teacher and give him a few hours of happiness, as they chatted about olden days. Once, however, a long time passed before he made the accustomed journey and the teacher felt anxious. Then one day he appeared and was asked why he had remained away so long. "My life," he replied, "has wholly changed. Those that were formally near are now far; those once far are now near. Instead of two are three and the household's peace has vanished." When his teacher asked him to explain the riddle of his words, he rejoined: "The explanation is very simple. My eyes which once could discern the light so far, now deny it when it is quite near. My ears which once quickly caught each word need now to be told a hundred times. My two feet which bore me forth each day require a staff. Thus two have become three. At home there is no peace, for I have lost all relish for the joys of life, and my age deters me from olden habits that brought happiness. It is time for me to think of my last long journey."

It was Rabbi Meir, a sage of much insight, who claimed that we find our support everywhere and happy the one whose parents had him learn an honourable trade. Let him teach his son a worthy occupation and entreat mercy from Him to whom all wealth belongs. You never saw a lion carry burdens, or a fox take to trade, or a wolf sell pots, and yet they support themselves without worry. They were born to serve me, but I was made to serve my Creator. If these formed for my service maintain themselves without anxiety, how much more

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should I, made for the service of my Creator, support myself without anxiety? But what, continued the rabbi, has compelled me to maintain myself with anxiety? Is it not my sins? It is because I have acted wrongly that my maintenance is embittered. The sages were insistent on teaching the young helpful handiwork. Who fails to teach his son a trade, they said, teaches him murder. As a consequence the rabbis were not ecclesiastics in the narrow sense, but followed various handicrafts, which enabled them to enjoy some degree of independence and teach their traditions without fear or favour. They could not more trenchantly state their views as to the need and dignity of labour than in the words: "Strip dead cattle in the street, take your wage for the work. Do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man, and that occupation is odious to me." The workman engaged in his task need not rise, not even in presence of a sage, such was one of labour's privileges.

As a rabbi was explaining the law with masterly skill before his scholars, a woman entered the hall of study. It was the rabbi's mother who bitterly complained that his learning brought him little profit with all his zeal, and although his scholarship was lofty, he disobeyed the ten commandments. He honours not his mother. The school was silent in its amazement at the accusation, and the rabbi himself in his sense of shame lowered his eyes. But she continued undisturbed and gave the reason for her assertion. She was proud of his genius and ever sought to show him reverence. When he came from the academy, she blessed him as if he were a conquerour and wished to anoint his feet. But he would have none of her devotion and cast her away in dishonour. All were moved at her words, while the rabbi strove to control his feelings, until finally he laid the case before the sages, who answered: "The earth is the Almighty's footstool; the vast sea laves his feet. Honour to Him alone, the Creator; to Him rapture and praise. Consider, woman, what thou desirest. Couldst thou honour thy son more gloriously than by honouring his humility?"

The profession of teaching stood in highest reverence, although it yielded little material reward. If art was the ideal of the Greek, education was that of the Jew. It was the duty of the father to be instructor as well as parent of his child, and the teacher was always the honoured guest. There is a somewhat familiar story—but one that merits further repetition—which illustrates the teacher's rank in rabbinic days, a rank still recognised in large measure.

It seems that there had been no rain for many months and the drought was producing much misery. The fields, the wells, the streams alike suffered. All vegetation had withered. Impelled by the crisis, the people came together to pray. The famous sages prayed ardently, but no rain fell. Rabbis of the greatest dignity were devout suppliants in vain. The prophet, before whom all bowed in awe, the ruler in his royal robe, were fruitless in their appeal. The sky remained obdurate, not a solitary cloud appeared. At last there came a man of quiet manner, wholly unknown to the multitude, and he offered prayer. The words were few, but at once the welcome clouds gathered and soon the rain was falling in plentiful showers. When the people, who were as inquisitive as grateful, asked him who he was, "I am a teacher of little children," was the reply. Heaven had heard him in preference to the ruler, the sage, and the prophet.

"Know how to answer an Epicurean," was the advice attributed to an eminent author, and many are the replies recorded which were given skeptic or heathen inquirers, who liked to express their doubts or air their disbelief. One of these parties, hearing the verse from the Psalms: "He telleth the number of the stars," said there was nothing wonderful in such an achievement. He could do it himself. Rabbi Gamaliel, who was an adept in handling such boastfulness, ordered a number of small quinces to be put into a sieve, which he now caused to revolve. "Now count the quinces, my good man," the rabbi exclaimed, but the man could not with any success guess the right number. "You cannot count a few quinces in a revolving sieve," Gamaliel said quietly,

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"how much less can you count the spheres ever in rapid motion." On another occasion, Gamaliel was met by a doubter who said, "I know what your God is doing." The rabbi vouchsafed no answer but a deep sigh, and when the man asked why he sighed, the rabbi replied that he had a son across the sea about whose health he was very much concerned. "Can you not tell me how he is?" But when the skeptic rejoined that he could not, Gamaliel rebuked him sharply: "How can you know what happens in Heaven, when you are ignorant of what occurs on earth?"

How often the narrow legalistic character of rabbinical writings is emphasised, to the exclusion of that breadth of view and kindly sympathy which are never absent. When an Israelite meets a heathen sage, he is to repeat the blessing, "Praised be the Almighty, who has given wisdom to mankind." A still more effective illustration is the story of Rabbi Joshua. He met a heathen one day, who said: "Your festivals are not ours. When we give ourselves over to happiness on our holy days, you do not follow the example. When shall we have such joys in common?" "We have joys in common," came the answer, "when the fruitful soil grants us its treasures. In the enjoyment of such bounty, God unites not merely the priest, the levite, and all Israel to offer Him recognition, but He unites all humanity."

It is always possible to exaggerate the significance of a parable, for we interpret it from our point of view, and not always from that of the original writer. Yet some rabbinical ideas as to Adam are full of poetic meaning that must have been realised by the rabbis.

When man was formed of dust, it was taken from all over the earth, and not from one locality, so that no nation should boast of its superiority. When Adam was created, his size filled the whole world—after his sin he became small indeed. As the days grew shorter, an intense fear seized him, for he thought the entire earth was being darkened on account of his sin, and it would soon be destroyed. The dreadful fate so close at hand aroused keen agony until the days began to grow longer, as the season changed, and then his hopefulness returned. When the first death occurred, he did not know what to do with his son's body. It was a new experience. But he noticed how a raven dug a hole in the earth for its dead young one, and he did likewise. Man is not too important to receive a lesson from the dumb creation, whether birds or bees.

No less of present worth are many rabbinical apothegms, although similar sayings may be found in other literature.

Throw no stone into the well from which thou didst drink. It is not enough to feel pure in the sight of God; we must feel pure also in the sight of man. Do not appear as wishing to buy when you have no money in your pocket—but that was before the era of charge accounts. When we are without guilt we see our neighbours bow respectfully to us; but when we are guilty we bow tremblingly before our neighbours. Old men for council, young men for war. When you buy a field, do not delay, but when you plan to marry, be deliberate. Everything is in the power of God except the fear of God. The feeling of penitence within us is of greater worth and efficacy than a thousand voluntary penances. There is no hell, but eternity itself is a hell to the wicked. Every good deed creates an angel which never forsakes us. Unhappy the man who thinks himself lost; unhappy the man who thinks he has attained perfection. Love him who points out your mistakes more than the one who always praises. He gives very little who gives much but unwillingly. He gives much who gives little but with a kindly countenance. Poverty of judgment is real poverty. What you feel toward your friend, your friend feels toward you. Who causes others to do good deeds has more merit than he who performs such acts himself. He who has compassion on mankind will receive compassion from Heaven. We see all errors except those of our own. It is our own deeds which gain for us foes or friends. He who prances about in the scholar's mantle, without being

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a scholar, will never enter the presence of God.

When we consider how the rabbis' spell has worked on modern poets of the first rank, and how Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, to mention a few, have frequently resorted to rabbinical themes and characters, there is little doubt that with increased study and popularising of Talmud and Midrash a further impetus will be given to the paraphrase and adaptation of their tales and legends. Making every allowance for vital differences in conditions and points of view, the human element is strong enough in rabbinic ideals, which were not for their age alone, to awaken more than transient interest. In a memorable passage, Ruskin writes of fairy palaces of thought which we may build in youth. Cannot the words, with but slight changes, be applied to those palaces of thought which the early rabbis built to keep young the heart and mind? "Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts"—these are surely for the souls of a people to live in, of which they cannot be robbed, and whose weird spell poverty, persecution, exile can only intensify.

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UNDER-SEAS: A SUBMARINE STORY

BY COUNT ALEXIS N. TOLSTOY

I

FOR two days *Kate* took the waves easily, now riding them and now ducking. Strong and swift, connected with the world by mysterious silent voices, she gladdened Andrey's heart. It seemed to him that she was impregnable, and that she had a higher calling than to sink ships. In daytime he either slept or sat at the wireless apparatus. Leaning back with eyes closed, he listened to fragments of reports about battles in Champagne and at the Divna, on the Austrian frontier and near Constantinople. A man by the name of George was vainly trying to send a kiss to his wife who was sailing for America; she probably was on the steamer which an hour ago had telegraphed that it was sinking. In the evening three Austrian army corps were routed, and in the morning the ocean resounded with the hysterical voices of exchange brokers.

The entire world shrank down to the tic-tac and the clicking of the apparatus. The past was like a dream, the future did not go beyond the mine-field which the submarine was soon to reach. There was neither fear, nor joy, nor regret in Andrey's mind—nothing but the image of this steel box crammed with human beings and the dots and dashes of the wireless.

At sunset the sea was all lilac, and the trace of the boat on the watery knolls sparkled with iridescent red. Later on the moon rose and traced a silvery path on the waves. This hour of twilight filled Andrey's heart with vague uneasiness and anguish. The sunset in its infinite beauty somehow threatened his calmness and self-assurance. In the face of its splendours, seemingly so useless and unimportant for a seaman, he felt himself a miserable mortal being, a helpless child starting out on its life-career. And standing on his bridge Andrey was indignant and angry, for it seemed to him that this feeling was like a yawning cleft in *Kate's* armoured side.

On the third day in the afternoon, Andrey hurriedly left the telegraph compartment and gave an order to get ready to submerge. Men were placed at the water-pumps, the oxygen containers, air-purifiers and distilling machinery, and all the hatchways were thoroughly examined; the gunners took their place at the torpedo tubes. The order was to move about as little as possible, to keep to the berths when not on duty, not to talk or laugh. Then the watchman left the conning tower and the main hatchway was hermetically closed.

Andrey gave the order to submerge and went over to the navigating compartment. The water rushed into the ballast tanks, the inside of the boat grew heavy and the rolling and pitching ceased: *Kate* sank and ran under-water, steering by the periscope. Andrey pushed a button, the electricity went out, and a cone of pale-blue rays poured from the tube. Then the screen of the periscope grew alive with tiny waves, clouds and a tail of smoke on the sky-line. With chin resting on his arm, Andrey scanned the image of the sea which lay before him. Soon the smoke vanished, and on the right appeared the hazy line of land.

At night the boat rose to the surface, taking advantage of the darkness, and sailed without lights. All through the night Andrey stood on the bridge. The seas were placid, the stars were screened by a light mist, and in the south far away the pale blue ray of an enemy searchlight glided through the clouds.

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Before the dawn, a flock of wild ducks flew low overhead with a hiss. Then the submarine *N*1 telegraphed that it had submerged completely. *Kate* was rapidly approaching the mine field. One after another the submarines disappeared under it, possibly forever.

At dawn when the greenish-orange light was slowly pervading the fleecy clouds, *Kate* began to sink to a great depth at a definitely determined point. Then steering solely by compass and map, *Kate* started picking her way under the mines, compressed by a watery mass of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Yakovlev was in charge of the steering apparatus, while Prince Byelopolsky calculated the side drift and reported to the chief engineer in charge of the motors. Andrey, leaning over the map, gave sharp orders to the man at the wheel. There was no sensation of movement and it seemed that *Kate* was motionless amid eery darkness. The men were mostly stretched on their backs, taking care to consume as little oxygen as possible. Nevertheless, the air was heavy and thick, and there was a tingling sensation in the ears. Now and then one of the husky peasants would mumble, "Lord! Lord!" and would heave a sigh—perhaps there came into his mind the thought of his little farm on the steppe, his buckwheat field, a neighing colt and the wind in the bushes.

Suddenly the boat's keel hit against something hard and a grating sound broke the stillness.

"Halt! Halt!" called out Andrey, dashing forth from the navigating cabin.

The pinions cracked and the motors ceased to pulsate. Immediately it became hot, as in a Turkish bath. Andrey penetrated into the water-tight conning tower, flooded with diluted, greenish light which came through the ports with which this compartment is provided for scanning the surrounding waters. He peered through the glass-pane. Gradually, vague, blurred forms and shadows became visible in the twilight of the deep. One of the shadows wavered, glided along the window, and the round tragic eyes of a fish glanced at Andrey. The fish moved aslant, and disappeared deep below the boat. Evidently, *Kate* had not run aground; nor were there any under-sea reefs in that place. Without ceasing his observations, he gave the order to raise the boat several feet. Then numerous shadows leaped aside and scattered, and Andrey plainly saw a jumbled heap of ladders and ropes, among which quietly rocked, feet upward, a human body, half devoured by fishes. It was obvious that *Kate* had blundered into the remnants of a sunken ship.

This halt might prove fatal. The uniform motion of the boat was disturbed, the orientation lost; the inevitable small error of the point where the boat had sunk under water must have increased during the course. *Kate* had lost her way both in space and in time. Andrey drummed nervously against the window-pane. It was impossible to stay under water any longer, but to rise to the surface was equivalent to being noticed and attacked by the enemy warships. Yet this was the only way of determining the exact position of the boat.

He gave the order for the boat to rise slowly and returned to his observation point. The water gradually grew clearer. And suddenly he saw a dark ball move down to meet the boat. "A mine," flashed across Andrey's mind, and overcoming the torpor which oppressed his brain, he ordered the boat to be swerved from its course. The ball moved away, and another one appeared on the right. Another change of direction. But everywhere in the depth of the greenish twilight lay in wait cast-iron shells. *Kate* was in the midst of a mine net. . . .

II

Seen from a great height sea water is so transparent that one can sight in it even large fish. It is owing to this that *Kate* was espied by two enemy hydroplanes, when she was trying to rise

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among the mines to the surface of the bay. But having noticed the aircraft circling over it the boat again dived to a deep level.

Now *Kate* was blindly groping her way forward. The motors worked at their top speed, and the body of the boat trembled. Hundreds of demons called horse-powers fiercely turned the various wheels, pinions and shafts. The air was hot and stuffy, and the men at the engine, stripped to the waist, worked feverishly. An amount of oxygen sufficient to sustain the crew for only one hour remained in the lead cylinders.

Yakovlev was still sitting at the compass, with his elbows on his knees and his hands pressing his head. In the mine cellars, the cabins, the corridors, lounged the men, their faces livid with suffocation. Prince Byelopolsky was still leaning over his logarithmic tables, now become useless. From time to time he wiped his face, as if removing a net of invisible cobwebs; finally he rose to his feet, took a few steps and fainted dead away.

Giving the order to proceed at top speed, Andrey hoped to pass the mine zone, even if some of the men would have to succumb for lack of air. Pale and excited, his hair in disorder and his coat unbuttoned, he seemed omnipresent, and his voice sustained the failing strength of the half-suffocated men. Having noticed the Prince stretched on a berth, he poured a few drops of cognac into his mouth and kissed his childlike, wet forehead. Finally, in making too rapid a movement, lurid flames began to dance before his eyes, and he bent back, striking his neck against a sharp angle of an engine. He felt no pain. "Bad!" thought he and crawled over to the emergency oxygen container. He opened the faucet and inhaled the fragrant stream of gas. His head began to swim and a sweet fire ran through his veins. Then, with an effort, he rose to his feet. The outlines of the objects around him were strangely distinct, and the faces of the men which were imploringly turned to him—some of them bearded and high-cheekboned, others tender and child-like—appeared to him infinitely and poignantly human. . . .

In the corridor Andrey came across one of the men. The latter stood against the wall and gulped the air like a fish. Noticing the commander, he made an effort to cheer up, and mumbled: "Beg pardon, a bit unwell." Andrey leaned over him and looked into his eyes. A film of death was beginning to veil them. Andrey cursed under his breath and, turning sharply toward the telephone tube, gave a command to rise. *Kate* shook and dashed upward. The ascent lasted four minutes and a half. Suddenly, *Kate* stood still, and light fell on the screen of the periscope. The men crawled up to the main hatchway and unscrewed it. Cold, salt air rushed into the boat, swelling the chests of the men and turning their heads. Andrey leaped on the bridge uttering an involuntary cry as he met the strong light. The evening sun was solemnly suspended above vast masses of warm clouds, and the sea was all peace and quiet.

Holding the sextant in his trembling fingers, Andrey began to take observations. Soon a loud buzzing was heard in the sky. It was followed by the measured slight crackling of a machine gun, and from the hull of the boat came a sharp rat-a-tat, as if someone was throwing dry peas on it. A hydroplane was circling above *Kate*.

Andrey bit his lip and kept on working. About him a squad of his men were loading their rifles. The hydroplane almost reached the surface of the sea, then soared with a shrill "F-r-r-r," and flew right over the boat. A young, clean-shaven pilot sat motionless, his hands on the wheel. Below him an observer gazed down, waiting. Suddenly he lifted up an oblong bomb and hurled it into a tube. The shell flashed in the air and plunged into the sea at the very side of the boat. One of the men fired. The observer threw up his leather-covered arms with spread-out

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fingers; and slowly circling under the fire of the submarine crew, the aircraft soared upward.

Over the ridge of reddish mountains there appeared another aeroplane, looking like a long thin line. *Kate* picked her way with grace and ease across the orange-coloured waters as if cutting through molten glass. Andrey buttoned his coat, pushed his cap over his eyes, and, walking a few paces on the bridge, said with a grimace, "Well, Yakovlev the mines are behind us, but what are we going to do now?"

"This region, sir, abounds in underwater reefs and sandbanks."

"That is just it, and I would not risk sailing under water. . . . Wait a moment. . . ." He raised his hand.

The sun was already in the clouds and, replete with its orange glow, they lit the waters. A violent whizzing sound came from the west. Training his observation glasses on the sunset Andrey ordered greater speed. A grenade hissed on the right, and a jet of water appeared on the quiet surface. *Kate* tacked sharply toward the darkening mountain ridge, and behind, in her shadowy wake, another bomb burst and blossomed out into a small cloud. *Kate* then turned east again, but now in front of her, on both sides, everywhere, shells burst and sputtered fire. The scouting hydroplane dashed above the submarine like a bat, two pale faces looked down and disappeared. Then right above the stern a grenade burst and the bearded Shubin dropped his rifle, clutched his face, toppled over the railing, and disappeared under the water.

"All hands below, to the devil!" cried Andrey, and watching where the shells fell thickest, began to give his orders. *Kate* circled like a run-down hare. All along the darkening skyline were seen smoking stacks of mine-layers and destroyers, and their ruthless ring was rapidly tightening about her.

Having lost her wireless mast which was shot off by a shell, *Kate* was now dashing toward the rocky shore, running awash. Six sparks blazed up in the dark below the rocks, and six steel-clad demons hissed above the boat. The oblong shadow of a ship was gliding along the coast. *Kate* shook, and a sharp-nosed, blind torpedo detached itself from her body and glided under water to meet the silhouette of the ship. A moment passed, and a fluffy, mountainous mass of fire and water rose where formerly projected the stacks of the mine layer. Then the mountain sank, and the silhouette disappeared. *Kate* entered into a baylet among the rocks, submerged, and lay down on the sandy sea-bed.

III

Two weeks *Kate* lay in the sea inlet, completely cut off from the rest of the world. By day she hid in the deep, and only under the cover of night she rose to the surface to get a supply of air. It was necessary to take the greatest precautions, for there was little hope that the enemy believed her to be destroyed by the mine-ships. Here are excerpts from the diary which Andrey kept during those days aboard the submarine:

"The excitement of the battle lasted three or four days, then all the recent events at once became strangely remote. We all live somewhere on the borderland between life and death, beyond the pale of time and space. I begin to understand the flies which in winter doze between the frozen window-panes. Most of the time the men stay in their berths half asleep, half awake. As for myself, I often lie on my couch with my eyes open and without a thought or a simple image in my head. One feeling pervades me with limitless power—that of sheer *being*. I feel *being* not as a tangle of separated episodes and fragmentary pictures, but as an unbroken infinity stretching somewhere above me, beyond the watery wall and beyond the precinct of Time itself. I cannot make it plainer. At times my heart begins to beat faster, as if trembling with the

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foreboding of a deeper understanding of what *being* is. It is such a strange and eery feeling! I envy Yakovlev: he sleeps and dreams of battles and flag-bedecked havens, of stormy seas and women; he leans over his berth which is right on top of mine and recounts to me all this nonsense in detail.

"The Prince is very ill. The absence of sounds has been preying upon his mind all this time. To-day, the eleventh day of our stay here, he became delirious, and fell down from his upper berth. The men bring him extra allowances of food, and I pretend not to notice it. Our food supply will last us for one week if we keep to a starvation diet. My lads have grown lean and have almost stopped all conversation. They are a meek sort and if they once grasped the reason why, they would die without a murmur. May God spare them unjust suffering. They greatly pity the sick boy.

"Two days later Prince Byelopolsky died. At midnight we rose to the surface with great precautions. Our deceased comrade's body was wrapped in linen, and a shell was tied to his feet. The crew chanted a prayer over him in muffled voices. The first thing I saw when I found myself on the bridge was the stars: huge and thick sown, they shone in the heavens and in the waters of the bay. On the right rose the steep seacoast, the black battlements of its rocks and the dwarfish trees above them looming high into the heavens. From the heights came wafting a strong fragrance of juniper, wormwood and flowers.

"The Prince was taken to the deck of the boat. His sharp profile was noticable under the linen. The corpse glided overboard and disappeared in the water without a splash. The sailors silently crossed themselves. A bat scurried by.

"Suddenly beyond the mouth of the bay the silhouette of a four-stack ship slid by. 'They' have not yet given us up. From afar off blazed forth a searchlight beam and plunged into a ravine behind us, lighting up crooked twigs, stones and mossy rifts. Then the beam swept the sky and began to search the bay. The birds twittered querulously, and the water sparkled. The beam stopped at a distance of several yards from us. Had the man at the searchlight turned the light but a hair's-breadth to the left, we would have been discovered.

"The bluish light illuminated the water and in the depth a shoal of bewildered fish. Again did a startled bat dart through the air, and night butterflies hovered in the light. Then the beam hesitated for a while, and leapt to the summit of the rock; its jagged edge flared up and the scream of a discontented eagle came down to us. We plunged again into darkness and non-being.

" 'The Prince is dead.' I repeat this phrase many times without understanding it. To die on the earth is to cease seeing, hearing, feeling. To die is to remain all alone, in absolute solitude, as Jonah was in the whale's belly. Here I am lying motionless, surrounded by velvety darkness and dead silence in a steel box resting on the bottom of the sea. If I grew cold and ceased moving altogether, what would the change amount to? Almost to nothing. Perhaps all the difference would be that my spirit, now still chained to the round of daily duties would become entirely free.

"Eating has become repulsive to me. With great efforts I force myself to swallow a few spoonfuls of thin soup. I barely manage to pick my way to the dining-room and to see to it that all the men are at the table and eat. I have discovered that the feeling of hunger is painful only at first. Later on a crisis occurs, when the body appears to melt away, as it were; all your vital force is transferred into consciousness, and all your perceptions are strangely sharpened. In such a state a full stomach is loathsome.

"This feeling of physical decline has moments of ineffable beatitude. They commence with a light fever and then

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the most delicate chill pervades me, and I cease feeling my body. A sensation of freedom and sadness rises in me, and it is as if the whole universe, with the grass stalks and stars, is in me, and I am dissolved in it. I have a feeling of freedom and yet I am sad, as if I have not done my supreme, most important duty. But what is this duty?

"I told all this to Yakovlev. He kept silence awhile and then cried. All day long he lies stretched on the Prince's berth and does not tell me any more of his dreams.

"The days are eventless. The scout ships keep on watching the seacoast. Our food supply is out. The only provisions left are the emergency ration for one day, which we can touch only when *Kate* herself will be in imminent danger. If we succeed in catching some fish, we shall be able to hold out a few more days before attempting to save *Kate* or explode her in case of failure to reach the port N. My men are pining away without a murmur, like children. Yakovlev says he cannot die on his berth; he understands that this is perhaps his supreme duty, but how well would it be to do a little shooting and sinking, and then die from a bullet. The child!"

Here Andrey's diary ends abruptly. For three days the crew fed on the fish which Kuritzyn, one of the men, caught at a great risk. Then Andrey took the decision to leave the bay and make a supreme effort to run the enemy's cordon.

IV

At daybreak as *Kate* was nearing the surface of the sea the crew became aware of a powerful muffled cannonade, and when the boat emerged into the white fog, the coast was reverberating with the roar and the crash of a sea-battle. Mighty broadsides and explosions alternated with the crackling of guns. It was as though sea-devils coughed and blew and roared at each other. A bewildered sea-gull dashed over the boat.

"Quick, sir," shouted Yakovlev holding on to the railing, "now we can break through!" His teeth rattled.

The preparations were completed. A strong gale swept the fog and drove its torn masses over the seas, laying bare the rocky shore. Andrey waved his hand and *Kate* dashed out from the bay into the open. The firing was heard from behind and on the right, and the road to the port N. was free. All that the crew went through during the last two weeks was now transformed into one will, which was more impetuous than *Kate* herself who was rushing along, ripping in twain the misty morning waves.

To run the line of the enemy's ships and to bring *Kate* safe to port, to do one's duty, this seemed too little. The burning will demanded something palpable. What now guided these men was not calculations or enthusiasm, but a greediness, a longing to possess, strangely mingled with a yearning for destruction.

"We cannot make our get-away like this—turn back or I will shoot myself!" shouted Yakovlev in Andrey's ear. Yakovlev was completely beside himself and his pale, sallow face was twisted convulsively. . . . Finally, the large ball of the sun arose, and touched the seas rolling beneath the fog into a dull orange. Near at hand invisible ships thundered and chased each other. The gale grew stronger. And suddenly a grey mountainous mass loomed up and emerged from the fog, enveloped in clouds and smoke. Above its turrets, stacks and masts fluttered the flag bearing a black eagle.

Unable to control himself any longer, seeing that the opportunity has finally presented itself, Andrey rushed down the hatchway and, knocking down Yakovlev on his way, he proceeded to load the torpedo tube. *Kate* submerged a little and, sailing awash, headed straight at the enemy's vessel.

The shadow of the hostile ship rocked and glided along the periscope screen, every now and then wrapping itself in

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a cloud pierced with fiery needles of shots. *Kate* fired a torpedo, but missed her aim. Leaning over the screen and biting his lips to bleeding, Andrey examined the tiny image of the ship, one shell from which struck its target with the force of twelve hundred million pounds. The distance between *Kate* and the enemy ship kept on decreasing; its image occupied already a half of the screen when it suddenly started tacking. . . .

"Another one!" shouted Andrey.

At that very moment a blow fell on the boat, a loud crash resounded throughout her and the periscope screen grew dark. Andrey ran out from the navigating compartment and shouted:

"The periscope is shot off! Top speed forward!"

The engineer seized the handle of a lever and without turning about, asked:

"Which way?"

"Forward, forward, to the devil!"

Andrey went over to the conning-tower. Straight before him foamy streams eddied furiously. Finally, the dark bottom of the ship appeared, screening the light.

"Halt!" ordered Andrey, "Fire another one! Full speed backward." He closed his eyes.

For a moment it seemed to him that the end had come. He was hurled into the corridor, lifted up, then dashed against the wall and dragged down. The outcries of the men and the crash of the hull were drowned by the muffled thud of the inrushing water. The light went out. *Kate* began to rotate and sink.

By the force of the explosion *Kate* was cast far away from the sinking ship and dragged down by the vortex to a great depth. The hull began to leak in several places, and the motors went out of commission. In general, the submarine was now much like a large buoy in the dark inside of which dazed, maimed men were groaning and gasping their last. But she did not stay long in the deep; freed from the weight of two torpedoes, she began slowly to rise, stopped before reaching the surface and started going down again as the water leaked into her hull.

The first to recover his consciousness was Kuritzyn. With an effort, he rose to his feet and crawled over to the engine-room. By the light of matches he found the engineer and began to rub his ears. As this proved of no avail, he opened the faucet of an oxygen container right over his face. The engineer revived and the first thing he did was to clutch his wounded knee.

"Never mind the knee," said Kuritzyn. "Do you hear the noise of the water? We are sinking. Can you fix the engine?"

"Cannot tell," answered the engineer hoarsely.

Kuritzyn lighted a candle and opened the faucets of all the oxygen bottles. The men began to show signs of life. Andrey was found in a narrow passage. Kuritzyn somehow dressed the captain's wounds, but could not bring him to his senses. Another man tried to revive Yakovlev, but soon saw that the officer was dead. All the available hands worked at the pumps, while the engineer and his two assistants busied themselves with the engine, and everybody listened with anguish to the clanking of the instruments.

Kate was somewhere near the surface, but, as the periscope and the indicator were destroyed, it was impossible to tell precisely where she was. On the other hand, to unscrew the hatch and look out would mean to subject *Kate* to the risk of being flooded.

Finally, the engineer reported that it was necessary to replace the cylinder, but that this was hardly possible to do because the supply of candles was giving out. Kuritzyn started cursing the engineer, the candle factories, the motors and their inventor. Then he swooped down on the men at the pumps and ordered them to drop dead, but raise the boat at least one yard. The men kept a grim silence. Finally, the last candle went out. The engineer spat, cursed and threw away his controller. "It's

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all over, boys!" said someone, and the pumps stopped. The only sound which now broke the silence was the monotonous, deadly splash of water leaking down on the periscope screen.

"Follow me," said Kuritzyn hoarsely to two of the men. "Let us unscrew the hatches. What's the use of monkeying with it any longer."

Feeling their way, several men followed him into the corridor, and up the spiral staircase in the main hatchway. Reaching the top, they grasped the bolts of the lid. "Here's our finish," said one of the men.

"Shut up, mind your business," answered Kuritzyn sternly.

At that moment the sound of footsteps on the outside of the boat reached their ears. Someone was walking on *Kate's* hull. Kuritzyn said hurriedly, "Down to the ballast tanks! When I fire, blow them out. We are ordered not to surrender the boat."

Then, his revolver between his teeth, he pressed the bolt. The lid yielded, and light and air rushed into the opening. "Hey, who is there?" shouted Kuritzyn.

"Russians, Russians," replied a lazy voice.

"Lord!"

When Andrey had hit his head against the iron wall of the submarine, two sheaves of greenish sparks flashed before his eyes. Then everything grew dark and silent. One spark, however, remained in his eyes and little by little spread into an even, pale-blue splendour. Andrey contemplated it a long time with a quiet and profound delight. Then a restlessness arose in him: It was caused by the sensation of a foreign body within the light. How well would it be if this body dissolved and disappeared, but it did not. . . . The light did not decrease, but the joy was gone, the foreign body strangely disturbed and distracted him. Andrey concentrated his mind and with surprise, which was speedily followed by fear and anguish, he became aware that the foreign body was himself. Then the mysterious splendour turned into a plain bluish lamp suspended over his berth, and his body began to pain in many places. When he felt the pitching and tossing of the submarine and the noise of the engine, he tried to turn over but could not. He groaned, and soon plunged into the living darkness of natural sleep.

Meanwhile, *Kate* was being towed by a mine-layer. On the orlop-deck a group of sailors was clustered around Kuritzyn. He was sipping rum and telling stories about sea-battles and his own deeds. He tried hard not to swagger or lie, but his efforts were crowned with but little success: the rum was too strong. Besides, only a few hours before the commander of the mine-layer slapped him on the shoulder, mentioned all the devils in addition to both his own and Kuritzyn's nearest relatives and wound up with saying: "Fine fellow! I'll recommend you for a medal!"

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FRANCE IN CANADA

THE "MIRACLE" OF QUEBEC

(Impressions at first hand)

BY JULES BOIS

THE Dominion of Canada and the United States are in constant touch with each other from an economic standpoint, and the boundary line between the two countries is so extensive that it is very easy to travel to and fro, to interchange interests, to trade, and to cultivate a friendly feeling. I must say that the Canadians possess distinctive characteristics, having customs, laws, aspirations, and a mode of life of their own. They form a national type by themselves, requiring special study, which gives me a new opportunity of instructing the readers of THE BOOKMAN regarding the French language, and the French *esprit*. The province of Quebec especially claims our attention, because the inhabitants who are British subjects —and consequently enjoy great freedom —are mostly of French descent, and have conserved the language, the type, the manner of living, and thinking which they get from the land whence they came.

In giving our readers a right idea of the actual condition of the new France of Saint Laurent, another opportunity presents itself of acquainting them with certain attributes of the French race, and of showing them that, near by, they may find a telling example of executive ability, endurance, perseverence, resourcefulness, and of faithfulness to traditions and also to ancestral religion.

For several centuries Quebec has demonstrated that French blood has not lost its characteristics, but on the contrary has fully developed the Gaulic and Norman strain, even when transported to a far distant land, having had, for many years but occasional and intermittent communication with the mother country. France conserves her ethnical value physically as well as morally, notwithstanding the change of climate and the contact with another race.

Quebec, like all the other provinces, has done its duty toward England, France and the Allies. We may truthfully say that the Canadians of French extraction, while remaining faithful to their forefathers, have long since set an example to France of the cordial relations that France now entertains with England and that this war has made indissoluble. In an article entitled "The Lesson Taught by Canada," Theodore Roosevelt has shown the extent to which the Dominion has proved her alertness, generosity, sacrifice of blood and money, from the beginning of the war. These constitute the virtues "of determined and unshakable patriotism." Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, when in New York, delivering an address before the Lawyer's Club, expressed not only the opinion of his own country, but I imagine that of the United States as well, concerning the relation of the citizen to the country, and of the country to humanity. He says: "Just as the citizen who fails to realise his duty of service to the State has not attained the highest conception of citizenship, so the nation which does not realise and fulfil its duty of service to the world has not reached the highest conception of national life."

I have just made two trips lecturing on "La Culture Française," in this wonderful country, so rich in its land, industries, commerce, and the willing-

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ness of the people to exert themselves, and therefore my impressions are recent. French culture is always advancing there. The inhabitants of the province of Quebec not only speak French, but they are governed by a statesman of French descent. Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, has for the last twelve years or more been beloved and respected by everyone for his competency, character, energy, and his zeal in the economic development of the province. The Lieutenant Governor, Sir Evariste Le Blanc, is also of French descent, and represents His British Majesty in the province of Quebec. He is a self-made man, and in addition to being very intellectual he has a kind heart which makes even the most humble esteem him. The Honourable Adélard Turgeon, whose position corresponds to the high post of President of the Senate, is one of the most faithful followers of French traditions. I would like to give you other examples, but lack of space prevents. However, I must not forget to mention Sir George Garneau who devotes his attention to furthering the "bonne entente" (cordial relations) between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Judge Mc. Corquil, the Honourable Mr. Taschereau, and the Honourable Dr. Grondin.

In Laval University, the oldest and most celebrated, all instruction is given in French. The courses are under the charge of distinguished professors. Science, literature, sociology, are taught there with the earnest liberal-mindedness of the best European and American universities. Laval University has its counterpart in the Canadian Institute, where lectures are given by Frenchmen from abroad, so that the intellect of the country may keep in touch with the thought of France, herself. The actual President, Mr. Joseph Sirois, is a very learned man. He succeeded Dr. Vallée, an expert psychologist, whose predecessor was the lawyer, Mr. Ferdinand Roy, who recently published in the *Revue du Parler Français,* a most remarkable summary of the persistence of our tradition. Laval University, itself, is in Quebec, but it has a flourishing branch in Montreal. Mr. Edouard Montpetit, general secretary of "France-Amérique," in Canada and member of "L'Alliance Française," teaches there with merited success.

"L'Alliance Française," affiliated with the "Canadian Institute," has numerous centres in the Dominion, for instance: in Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, as well as in other cities; for the enterprising general secretary of the federation, Mr. Delamarre, professor in the College of the City of New York, is most indefatigable. The Montreal branch, for many years has been presided over by the well-known lawyer, Mr. Gonzalve Desaulniers, an independent thinker, and a poet. Sometimes—as in my case—lecturers give a course of French conferences in the large and beautiful hall of Royal Victoria College, belonging to McGill University; and the fact illustrates the bond between the French Canadians and the English Canadians. The Directress, Miss Hurlbatt, encourages, develops the study of French literature, which is taught by Mlle. Gréterin in this important college.

Montreal, and especially Quebec, are indeed French cities in the midst of the new world. I do not exaggerate when I say the "Miracle" of Quebec, because nobody can "a priori" imagine such a survival of the old World in the new. The traveller walking along the picturesque streets of Quebec finds it as Norman in character as certain cities in Northern France; this devotion to the memory of the past appeals not only to the Frenchman, but to the European and the American as well. In 1760, there were but sixty thousand Frenchmen in Canada, while to-day, 1917, there are more than four million French-Canadians. They have taken possession of the province of Quebec, dwelling not only in the cities, but also in charming villages, resembling the French villages of Normandy and Picardy, and they still constitute an im-

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portant minority in the other provinces of the Dominion. Another million of them have emigrated to the United States, and have become useful and loyal citizens under the "Starry Flag." These emigrants have mostly located in New England, which especially attracted them and where they have prospered. Some of them have filled, and are filling government positions—for instance, Alphonse Gaulin, American consul, and Mr. Pothier who was governor of Rhode Island. In accordance with the liberal spirit peculiar to the United States, a Catholic Canadian-French School has recently been founded in New England, and authorized to confer Bachelor Degrees.

The French-Canadian is especially devoted to his own language, and to his own religious faith, which is Catholic. All honour to these peasants of Normandy, Picardy, and Basque, who have not only succeeded in tilling the virgin soil, but also in cultivating their minds and in clinging to the traditions of their forefathers and who have laid the foundation for economic and intellectual prosperity! All honour to the Church who has gathered her parishioners together in harmony of spirit under the luminous shadow of wisdom and kindness! The Canadian clergy, for instance, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec; H. G. Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; and several bishops of French extraction, while upholding the dogmas, and maintaining the prosperity of the churches, have also furthered the diffusion of the French civilisation which both city and country curates consider a privilege to teach. The French press, French booksellers, French clubs (such as the Saint Denis); technical schools established by Sir Lomer, schools, and universities have preserved the intellectual life of France in Saint Laurent, at its best.

Senator Dandurand, President of the "France-Amerique," said on a state occasion before the Duke of Devonshire: "With a cry of joy we Canadians heard that England was going to take part in this present war, and in the following week Canada, by the unanimous consent of the Canadian parliament arraigned herself on your side." The Honourable Dandurand, one of the best statesmen in the Dominion, was the spokesman for his compatriots on this occasion.

Living close to the soil, the French Canadians have not always had time for dreaming, for writing, or for indulging in meditation and art. But what we must especially congratulate them on is, that they were not satisfied with the first attempts at written literature, and that by unremitting energy, and in spite of a rigourous climate, they have been able to build cities, and good homes; to conserve the language, the customs, and the churches, and increase the number of factories. Action must precede art, which is the culminating point of initiative, patience, and ambition.

Intellectual culture in Canada has, however, produced excellent results. Mr. Edouard Montpetit and Mr. Gonzalve Desaulniers lead this movement. Let me also mention that the French press in Montreal and Quebec has much influence and is very prolific in good writers. In Quebec, *Le Soleil, L'Action Catholique, L'Evenement* are all edited by eminent personages. In Montreal, *La Patrie, La Presse* and *Le Canada,* directed by men of remarkable capacity, have a large circulation and treat of both political and social problems. They are in touch with their English colleagues, such as *The Montreal Gazette, The Telegraph,* and the *Chronicle* of Quebec. Among the younger writers let me mention Charles Gill, Emile Nelligan, Albert Ferland, Paul Morin, René Chopin, Albert Lozeau, Alphonse Beauregard, Louis Joseph Doucet, who with Mr. Jean Charbonneau, a poet and a historiographer of poets, form a most interesting pleiad.

Mr. Ulrich Barthem has written a charming romantic essay entitled *Similia Similibus,* or "The War in Canada." Mr. C. L. de Roode, a Frenchman residing in the Dominion, has

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sounded the praises of Franco-Canadian heroism in a volume of verse entitled *Nos Gloires et nos Deuils* (Our Glory, and our Grief). Mr. Louvigny de Montigny's literary ability is well known beyond the frontier. Mme. Henriette Tasse, who has compiled the thoughts of the best French writers, under the title of *La Vie et le Rêve,* is both a poet and an essayist. Mr. A. D. de Celles, conservateur of the library of the federal parliament of Canada, and president of the Ottawa branch of "L'Alliance Française," is a learned man, and his essay of the "Constitutions of Canada" is profound. Most all the authors I have cited, and many others, retain the French influence but draw, from their inner soul and from this magnificent soil, the native art of the Dominion. Doubtless, there will spring, some day, a *chef-d'œuvre* sane, direct and from the heart—like the "Mireille," by Mistral, this poetic effusion of French Provençe.

I can do no more than bow with admiration and respect to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of French descent, and head of the Liberal Party, whom everyone—even those opposed to him—considers the greatest statesman of Canada, and one of the brightest lights of modern civilisation.

In a French novel entitled *Maria Chapdelaine,* the author interprets the sound of bells, the clamour of organs, the piercing cries of foresters; in other words, the voice of Quebec, as follows:

> We came here three centuries ago, and we have remained here. . . . Those who brought us here can return among us without bitterness or anger, for if we have learned but little, we surely have not forgotten anything.
>
> In the Province of Quebec nothing has changed. We are a proof that nothing can change. In regard to ourselves and our destiny, we have had but one duty clearly before us, and that is—perseverance . . . self-preservation. . . . And we have sustained ourselves. Perhaps after the lapse of centuries the world will look at us and say: These people belong to a race that cannot die. . . . We are a proof of this.
>
> This is why we must stay in the province where our forefathers lived, and live as they lived, in obedience to an unexpressed command heard in their hearts, which has been transmitted from them to us, and which we, in our turn, will transmit to our numerous progeny. In the Province of Quebec nothing will die, nothing will change.

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A NEW ORTHODOXY IN FICTION

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

LIKE everything else in this world, from painting to patriotism, that is concerned to any extent whatever with ideas, fiction has its orthodoxies and heterodoxies, its conventions which are worshipped to-day and disdained to-morrow. In this of course, it often merely reflects the life about it, the varying beliefs and opinions of men and women; but occasionally it moves on ahead, not so much of the actual as of the spoken thought of the time, putting into words that which many men think, yet either cannot or will not utter aloud. This is true in regard to very many subjects, for if the poets and fiction writers are frequently the reflectors or expressers of the obvious life and the current beliefs, they are almost as often the crystallisers of the nebulous ideas gathering cloud-like and indistinct just above the horizon of the average man's consciousness. Sometimes one or two such writers will stand alone; sometimes a number, working separately and with very different methods yet to a certain extent along the same lines, will thereby render those lines ones of little, if not of the least resistance; others then and therefore follow them, and—they become those of convention. Thus it is with that movement from the materialistic toward the spiritual which is even now creating a new orthodoxy in fiction.

During the latter years of the nineteenth and the opening ones of the twentieth century, novelists displayed an attitude of mind which was the direct if somewhat tardy result, partly of the industrial revolution but principally of those scientific and historical discoveries which had altered the entire aspect of the world. Science preached the much-needed gospel of investigation and of demonstration; men saw theories and beliefs long accepted as matters of course bowled over like so many nine-pins by proofs which came from what they, ignoring Huxley's protest, chose to call "the material universe." And so "realism" became the cry; but it was a one-sided realism, a realism concerned almost exclusively with things of the five senses, confounded with materialism, and often with materialism in its ugliest phase. This point of view presently became the orthodox one of such fiction as made any claim to be worthy the attention of intelligent people. Religion—using the word in its very broadest sense—was not so much condemned as ignored; not flattered by abuse, but treated as something in which only those who were ignorant, hopelessly behind the times or mentally deficient, could possibly take any interest. This orthodoxy of materialism was accepted by many of the most thoughtful as something from which there was no escape, a conclusively proven truth; and their view was before long adopted by that numerous troop of the waxen-minded who go about looking for an impress which shall stamp them as belonging to the modern and the advanced. Devotees of catch-words, liking to think they think profoundly, but unwilling to make the austere effort or to undergo the discomfort which genuine thought not infrequently entails—such persons, writers as well as non-writers, seek out the most novel variety of ready-to-wear opinions, and by sheer force of numbers often succeed in making fashionable what was once regarded as outlandish if not outrageous.

Materialism, thus made the acknowledged and respected mark of intelligence, reigned supreme so long as that which had to do with the spiritual was interwoven with a quantity of

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more or less discredited dogmas, and therefore popularly confounded with them. For a fictionist to write of it was to proclaim himself either thrall, mentally, to the Middle Ages, or akin to those weak-brained sentimentalists who then—as indeed they do now—produced innumerable rosy-hued, thickly-sugared, goody-goody tales which bore no resemblance either to realism or to true romance. But within the last few years a change has begun. With all the courage which an avowal of materialism once implied, certain of the foremost writers of the day have explicitly or tacitly declared their allegiance to a new realism, a realism the very crux of which is spiritual, as that of the old was material—and the waxen-minded are already beginning to use the freshly carved seal.

Of all the innumerable novelists of the present day, Mr. H. G. Wells is the one who possesses to the greatest degree the gift of crystallising into definite form the more or less vague ideas which are afloat in the mental atmosphere of the day. To follow his development is to see very clearly the trend toward the spiritual and away from the mechanistic and the material. For many years Mr. Wells gave expression to theories of the universe which were almost, if not quite wholly mechanistic. His wildest romances had to do with such things as *The Food of the Gods,* the accumulation of wealth so vast that *When the Sleeper Wakes* the entire fabric of society is in danger—or in hope—of being destroyed, the discovery of *The Time Machine.* And as it was in the romances, so in the novels; only in them we are aware of a growing consciousness of need, a growing consciousness that there is something wanting. *Tono-Bungay* ends with the well-nigh despairing cry of "Waste! Waste!" Trafford, the hero of *Marriage,* deplores the fact that he and his wife can give their children "no sense of a general purpose." And this consciousness of need develops and increases until in *The Passionate Friends* Stephen Stratton, sick at heart, sick too in soul, passes through an experience which is even and actually mystic; "It was as if the great stillness that is behind and above and around the world of sense did in some way communicate with me," he writes. This mystical experience, moreover, is very real to him, so real that the commands given to him by "the great stillness" absolutely transform his life, inspiring him to the effort he presently makes to become "a world-man." Though there is still "a fear of bathos . . . a certain hesitation of soul," the change has come, a change which resembles the passing along a road from one point to another, rather than the bridging of a gulf.

That the once far-away point has been reached, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* avows definitely and with great distinctness. Social reform, a new and better understanding between men and women, the ideal "Great State"—these are achievements greatly to be desired now as always, but achievements to be attained only by remembering that "Religion is the first thing and the last thing." For without it a man "begins at no beginning and works to no end," declares the philosopher whom many have identified with the author's self. From one point of view to another has this most open-minded of novelists passed, telling the truth as he sees it, quite unhindered by the bogie of consistency.

Mr. Wells represents better, perhaps, than does any other writer the changed direction of thought. If, however, he were alone in the region where he now abides, there could be no question of a new orthodoxy in fiction, for the man mentally alone is therefore and of necessity a heretic. But many others are standing more or less closely to Mr. Wells—J. D. Beresford in the epilogue to the last volume of the Jacob Stahl trilogy, Marion Hamilton Carter in her notable book, *Souls Resurgent,* to instance two very unlike examples—some of whom reached that ground at about the same time he did, while others fol-

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lowed or preceded him. And they are not the extremists; seeking these one may turn to two writers, one English, the other American, who have long occupied positions at, so to speak, the ultimate pole itself, ignoring the material side of realism almost if not quite as thoroughly as the more devout followers of the old materialistic orthodoxy did its spiritual: Algernon Blackwood and Will Levington Comfort.

It is very significant of the shift in the general viewpoint—for it is altogether impossible to write of marked changes in fiction without some allusion to changes in the ideas of the public at large—that Mr. Blackwood, long known only to the discriminating few, is now actually becoming "popular." And this not because of any alteration in his work, either for better or for worse. Fascinating, absorbingly interesting as is that wonderful story, *The Wave,* it is not one whit more ingenious in plot, not one whit more—or less—subtle and poetic in style than are *The Lost Valley, The Willows* or many other of his tales. It may indeed even be questioned whether his art is not at its exquisite best in the short story, instead of in the novel. Nor is the theory of reincarnation upon which both *The Wave* and its successful predecessor, *Julius LeVallon,* are builded, unfamiliar to this author, for several of his earlier tales have it as their foundation. Rather is it the reawakened interest in all that lies beyond the borders of what we call, clumsily enough, ordinary human experience, which is manifested by the increased attention given to the work of this especial writer. Mr. Blackwood would hold the few by his beauty of style, his gift for expressing the almost inexpressible, under every possible variety of circumstance; but the many must care about the matter, quite apart from the manner of a writer, if they are to yield him their full approbation. Choosing his themes almost exclusively from that supernormal which for years has been practically taboo in fiction, Mr. Blackwood was among the early exemplifiers of an unconventionality which is now beginning to win the applause the unconventional receives only when the swing of the pendulum is carrying the opinions of many toward it—and thereby automatically transforming it from the heretical to the orthodox.

Very different, and in a way perhaps even more significant, is the American mystic, Will Levington Comfort. Like Mr. Blackwood, he has gone his own way, though that way was for a long time opposed to the accepted ideas of what was intellectually admirable in fiction. To write of psychic forces, of soul-development as the one thing really worth while, of a man whose duty it was to become an instrument to interpret "God's love to men," was simply to invite ridicule. It wasn't conventional, it was indeed scarcely respectable or even decent, to talk about such things. How a man won economic freedom was a proper and commendable subject for a novelist; but to write about a man's struggle to obtain soul-freedom, was to run the risk of being damned with that most opprobrious phrase, high-falutin'.

Now consider these three as they stand to-day, not isolated phenomena, but representatives in their very unlike ways of a strongly marked trend of modern fiction. One, passing in his own person from one point of view to another, giving clear expression to a very great deal of the confused and inarticulate thought of the hour, not so much creator, perhaps, as crystalliser. The other two, differing from him and from each other, choosing themes strange and long unpopular, alike only in this, that they were interested principally, almost exclusively in the psychic, in the relations of men's souls to the universe and to God. And so one of them writes of that search for the splendid hider whose signs, "deep, tender, kind and beautiful," were all about, the search in which *The Extra Day* culminated, while the other tells how a man and a

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woman, adrift in an open boat with death staring them in the face, made of that journey which might well have driven them mad a veritable "pilgrimage to Mecca," thus cleansing their souls of all the meannesses and cowardices symbolised by the firm of *Lot and Company*. These the extremists, whom few others will follow to "the realms of the boreal pole"; nor is it indeed desirable that many of those others should go to that far end. Devotion to *La Princesse Lointaine* is very beautiful, but disaster would inevitably ensue should troubadours of all and every kind of temperament and vision strive to go as did French Rudel, on pilgrimage to the Lady of Tripoli. Yet brave voyagers, though they may have no ambition to journey to distant Tripoli, desire occasionally to sail on unaccustomed seas. The novelist-adventurers who dared to sally forth upon the "illusory" oceans of the spiritual were once condemned and laughed at as feeble-minded heretics; now they are the exponents of that new orthodoxy which is beginning to displace the old dogmas of materialism, so long supported by those two most powerful props, the fear of bathos and the dread of ridicule—than which there are no greater terrors known to man, woman or author.

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TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE reading of these books has been a thrilling, arresting experience. For they are all concerned in one way or another, by direction or implication or inquiry, with matters that come very near the heart of all true Americans. Each one of them, in whole or in part, endeavours to take earnest thought for the morrow of this country, or deals with problems of the utmost importance to us. Each one of them endeavours to cast a searchlight ahead into the darkness of the future and by means of that illumination help to direct present progress. Two of the books are by Englishmen, but one of these is concerned with problems which we also must consider and the other points out possibilities of American action upon which we shall presently have to make decision and asks what we are going to do about them. Several of the American books deal with that question of questions that America must soon face and decide, whether or not we are willing to change that historical attitude of ours toward the rest of the world which has been bred in the bone of the belief of most of us and, if so, what new relation can we work out that will safeguard us from entanglements in European quarrels and at the same time enable us to co-operate with forward looking forces in other countries and so add the impulsive force of our great democracy to the progress of humanity. All Europe is already asking us this question and presently we shall all be asking it of one another and of ourselves.

Too few are the books of such sort that are concerned with any but material affairs, that recognise the power and the importance of the things of the spirit, the influence over action of what we believe and hope and think and feel and aspire toward. For, in the last analysis —and one does not have to go far to reach it—neither individual nor nation lives at all but by the spirit and for the spirit. Individual or nation, it is always the spirit that leads. And so it would be always the wisest of wisdom, when we take thought for to-morrow, to test the spirit which is guiding us, to ask with searching questions what kind of a morrow we desire. If one may judge by the consensus of many writers upon the immediate future what the whole world is looking forward to is an industrial to-morrow, a world which will be organised for production and filled with the whirr of machinery and peopled by machines, a world that will be one vast factory. Doubtless it would be a most efficient world and also a most unpleasant one to live in.

Most of these books are especially interesting because they do deal with our future, that future whose foundations

*Leadership of the New America. By Archibald McClure. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company.

America and the New Epoch. By Charles P. Steinmetz. New York: Harper and Bros.

Creative Intelligence: Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. By John Dewey, Addison W. Moore, Harold Chapman Brown, George H. Mead, Boyd H. Bode, Henry Waldgrave Stuart, James Hayden Tufts, Horace M. Kallen. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Possible Peace: A Forecast of World Politics after the Great War. By Roland Hugins. New York: The Century Company.

Essays in War Time: Further Studies in the Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A League to Enforce Peace. By Robert Goldsmith. Introduction by A. Lawrence Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Italy, France and Britain at War. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

American World Policies. By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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must be laid by present day actions and decisions, as a time in which to bring about a brighter, better, happier nation, in which to realise those ideals which every American in his heart holds to be true and fine and precious even if he does often forget them in his daily life. The volumes concerned with matters wholly or chiefly national are considered in the early part of the article which then goes on to those that deal with international affairs. All of them discuss subjects of high consequence to every American, man or woman, who feels it both his duty and his privilege to help, by thought and speech and act, to preserve and refine and better the aims and purposes of our democratic heritage. Our special national problems we have always with us and, as for the others, however long the war may continue, the day of peace will come, and so the time when we must make momentous decisions. Therefore it behooves us all to be thinking about them.

"LEADERSHIP OF THE NEW AMERICA"

Many books have been written about what we have always been pleased to call, with a certain condescension, our "immigrant problem," but among them all there is none that more deserves reading than does this by Mr. Archibald McClure. For it deals but little with material conditions, and very much with conditions of the spirit. Without minimising in the least the very great necessity of doing everything possible to better the material conditions of newcomers to the country, it is imperative for us to recognise the fact that we have been too little concerned with the varied phases of thought and feeling among them and with the significance of these things of the spirit for us as a nation. The value of Mr. McClure's book is that, by patient study at first hand of different national groups of immigrants, he has tried to find out about these things and to report them to the rest of us. His studies were carried on during the year 1915-1916 under the Bernardine Orme Smith Fellowship of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, and included investigations in immigrant communities from the eastern to the western seaboard. It is evident that his method everywhere was to get into close personal touch with the people themselves, as individuals and as groups, and to find out what ideas are moving them and to what leadership they are looking.

One section of the book is devoted to the Slavic nationalities, in seven subdivisions; another to the non-Slavic, also in seven racial or national sections; and another to the Asiatic races. In each of these groups Mr. McClure studies the forces, racial, religious, national, intellectual, that are stirring its members, the types of men among themselves that are coming forward among them as leaders to connect them with and translate them into American life and their reaction to the influences and forces that pour upon them in their new surroundings. He considers also, but briefly, the consequent results for the contents of the melting-pot. In the introductory chapters he discusses some matters of consequence concerning the attitude of too many native Americans, especially those of long American descent, toward these newcomers. They and their children will have much to say about the spirit of the America of to-morrow and if we would have that spirit bear a bright, high, benignant countenance we must interest ourselves in their thoughts and feelings as well as in their wages and their housing. That is why Mr. McClure's book seems to me to be of such importance. It is the humanest book the immigrant problem has given us.

"AMERICA AND THE NEW EPOCH"

Mr. Steinmetz has been known for years as one of the foremost American electro-physicists and an authority upon electrical engineering. So it is of interest and moment to learn what is the contribution to the discussion of our future of the man of science whose ob-

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servation and thought have been governed by the scientific method. Mr. Steinmetz, who is by birth and training a German—of Prussia—eliminates, both in his historical surveys and in his study of America's present conditions and future possibilities, all consideration of spiritual forces. He interprets history, and therefore of course the present situation in the United States, solely in terms of material tendencies, material forces, material results. The contribution which he brings, and it is evidently the result of profound conviction, is concerned with governmental policies and the industrial organisation of society. He is a socialist and therefore his philosophy is somewhat imbued with socialist doctrines, but his mental horizons are too wide for his speculations to be limited by its principles. An American citizen for a generation, it is evident from his book that he is a good American and wishes to see democratic America endure and grow greater and more powerful. To bring about that result he is sure that industrial co-operation to the fullest extent interlinked with governmental policy must be the goal toward which we develop. He thinks that after the war the monarchical governments of Europe will be able to destroy this country by reason of the high economic efficiency of their co-operative industrial organisation. He argues that all the governments of Europe, France, England and Germany alike, are essentially monarchical because in them all the forces that produce movement work from above downward while here they work from below upward. And since this method is slower, though surer in the long run, it is necessary for us to hasten upon this work of bringing about industrial co-operation and friendly relations between all the elements of society. He looks forward to the gradual evolution, through these means, of a dual government, somewhat analogous to that of the Roman Republic, of which one element would be a co-operative organisation of the industrial corporations, including all the industrial life of the country, permanent and self-perpetuating, apparently an evolution from the system of control by commission. The other element would be political and democratic, having supervisory power alone and the absolute veto, but no administrative or executive power. Along these lines he thinks we must grow if the only great democracy in the world is not to be swept out of existence.

"CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE"

Come now the philosophers and from the high, clear realms of thought in which they dwell send forth into the darkness ahead of us a beam of penetrating light to guide our thinking—and, therefore, if not our own living that of our descendants. For one of the most important lessons of history is the surety with which systems of thought, the philosophical handling of problems of mind and life, sink down through the collective mind of a nation and colour its whole being. So now these eight American university professors, leaders in the philosophic thought and discussion of the country, offer their contribution for the guidance of our way of life. But the book is specially noteworthy for its importance as a contribution to American philosophic thought. It carries still farther the principles that William James put forward in the pragmatic philosophy which he fathered and constitutes the first endeavour to formulate it into that somewhat vague consensus known as a "school." This first definite contribution of an American school of philosophy to the philosophic thought of the world insists upon the need that philosophy should concern itself with every phase of man's life and activities, that all our thinking and doing should be made to bear the tests by which the pragmatic philosophy measures purposes, ends and values. "Philosophy," says John Dewey in the initial essay, "recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cul-

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tivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men." He argues for the recognition of the importance of "the pivotal position of intelligence," the enforcement of which he thinks is "the peculiar problem in the problems of life" for us here in the United States in the twentieth century. With us there is such a continuously novel situation as the national life unfolds that if we rely upon precedent we shall always find "some class interest guiding us by the nose whither it will." We cannot follow fixed rules without being false to our hopes for the future. We cannot drift, as is our tendency, into a loose and ineffective optimism, a sort of sentimentalised idealism about which we talk while we assent to the doctrine of "take who take can" without landing in a deification of power, a complete acceptance of brute force. We must put our faith in the power of intelligence to project the kind of future which we would wish our nation, our descendants, to enjoy and then train our life, in the present time, toward its realisation. And the task of American philosophy, he thinks, is to nurture and make articulate that faith.

Each of the other seven men takes up some phase of interest, some of them purely intellectual, such as "The Reformation of Logic," by Addison W. Moore, and others of daily practical application, as Henry Waldgrave Stuart's "Phases of the Economic Interest." But throughout the argument is for the freeing of life and thought from the domination of academic methods and *a priorism* and the constant testing by pragmatic methods, that will prove their real value to humanity, of all purposes, ends, aims and means. For the most part the discussions take place in that high, thin air wherein most people who have not had a training in the technique of philosophic writing find more or less difficulty in breathing. Why do not the pragmatists apply some of their own tests to their phraseology? Until they do they are not likely to meet with full success in their desire to make philosophy a matter of everyday life.

"THE POSSIBLE PEACE"

Mr. Hugins's book is a judicial and admirably dispassionate survey of the unfolding of recent European history, culminating in the war, with discussion of its significance for us and its possible influence upon our future. He thinks that no individual or group of individuals, no nation or group of nations, is to blame for the cataclysm, which, he holds, had its cause in the system under which all Europe lives, the combination of national rivalries, enmities and bargainings which has made up its international policy for centuries. He gives an illuminative review of what each one of the important nations at war has done in recent years in the way of exploiting, oppressing and subjugating small and helpless states. So fair-minded and impartial is he in his review of outstanding events that one regrets to find him ignoring the spirit, purposes and ideals which have guided and inspired Germany, according to the testimony of her own spokesmen, for the last generation. For no survey of recent European affairs can be either complete or just without full recognition of that spirit and its consequences—a spirit and consequences that deserve to be held up before all the nations of the world as an example and warning for all time. Mr. Hugins comments upon and deplores the ignorance and indifference of too many Americans concerning European history, even of recent years.

It is pleasant to find in a chapter on "Yankee Ethics," in the face of the cynicism and downright abuse concerning ourselves that Americans are prone to indulge in, a sober and judicial summing up of our virtues as a nation—but with frank recognition of some of our faults—a summing up that the author makes also a warning to us that we must not forget our ideals, that we must not depart hereafter, as we have some-

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times done in the past, from the straight and narrow path of honesty and good faith in our international dealings. "The thing that counts in the end," he says, "is the ideals for which nations stand, and the ideals of the United States are the most respectable in the world." In the settlement of the great question of preparedness he would have us keep clearly in mind the fact that a great army with a large body of officers is likely to exert pressure in favour of a militaristic policy and to become the organ of sinister private interests. He thinks that the United States ought to make without delay a straightforward and unambiguous statement of its foreign policy—a thing which no nation has ever done before. Among his suggestions for such a statement is that if the nation enters upon any international organisation purposing to diminish war it should be with the stipulation that such a league be recruited upon so broad an international basis as would make it impossible for any group of powers to combine for the coercion of another group.

"ESSAYS IN WAR TIME"

Written from the standpoint of the scientist who would like to see the race set itself, or be set into, ways of living that would evolve, not the super-man, but super-humanity, Havelock Ellis's collection of nearly twenty essays upon a variety of subjects has as much interest for readers in the United States as for those in England. He is concerned mainly with social improvements upon those large scales that include great bodies of people, the levels of living in a whole nation, and so what he has to say upon these questions is of import in our own endeavours to look forward and direct our course with intelligence for desirable ends. He is a good deal concerned with the question of rising and falling birth-rates as they affect not only the nation itself in which the movement occurs but all of civilisation. He finds one of the causes of the world war to have been Germany's too rapid increase of population and he insists that everywhere and in all time a high birth-rate has meant, finally, disaster of some sort, local or widely disseminated. That conviction leads him to a long consideration of the problem of birth control and the conclusion that the community or the nation that regulates its birth-rate is likely to produce better citizens, to enjoy more general prosperity and to live on a higher grade of life. He believes also that the time is approaching when the progressive nation must nationalise its health service and so co-ordinate all the immensely developed knowledge and instrumentalities for preventing and dealing with disease, largely because these have so advanced and multiplied that the private practitioner cannot possibly provide them. Several chapters deal with the effect of war upon various phases of social progress, such as war and eugenics, war and democracy, war and the birth-rate. In these studies, as well as in the others, he holds constantly to the conviction that human society has only to know what it desires and then to work for that desire if it would mould itself, the race, the civilisation it produces, into any wished for form. That we make our own social destinies, is the central message of his book, that spirit is the lord of matter.

"A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE"

However long the war may continue and whatever may be our connection with it, the day of peace and of settlement will come, the day when the nations must decide what they are going to do to lessen the danger of such another cataclysm, and Americans are already beginning to ask themselves what share they ought to take in the measures that will be decided on. Of the plans which have been suggested for co-operation for peace among the nations that which has had the widest consideration and the most general approval is the scheme of the League to Enforce Peace, of which ex-President

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Taft is the head. Of all the many ways in which we are taking thought for the morrow of America the purposes and proposals of this League are among the most important and every American who makes any pretence whatever to thinking for himself and to interest in the welfare of his country owes it to his own self-respect to know what they are.

The author of this comprehensive discussion of the subject is a working member of the League and his book has had the examination and approval of several of its officials. It has particular value and interest because it not only makes a thorough exposition and discussion of the proposals and principles of the League, but also considers with fairness, calm temper and wide information the conditions out of which the League grew, its practical workability, its significance in connection with the foreign policy of the United States and the arguments in favour of war. Throughout the book the author quotes copiously from the works of the leading philosophers, publicists and statesmen of this country and of Europe, so that his pages present a sort of review of recent influential thought upon war, peace, international morality, international co-operation and allied subjects. He takes up the criticisms that have been made of the League's plan of work and answers both those who object because they think it does not attempt enough and those who object because they think it attempts too much. An appendix contains some forty pages of endorsements of the League, including the full text of President Wilson's address to the Senate on January 22d. Nine pages of bibliography, including books and magazine articles, and a full index add much to the usefulness of the book for those who wish to obtain more than a superficial knowledge of the question. Mr. Goldsmith writes with earnestness and an optimistic outlook and he has, moreover, a pleasant gift for the turning of a neat phrase and the compact and striking statement of an idea.

"ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR"

On its face Mr. Wells's volume would appear to be a book about the war. But we all know that if Mr. Wells were to set out to write about the Stone Age, or the fashions in Timbuctoo, or the habits of coral insects he would soon be adventuring brilliantly among the thoughts with which the people of Europe and America are beginning to busy themselves and in which they are likely to be immersed by the day after to-morrow. So now, having taken a trip along the battle fronts in Europe last summer, he has a great deal to say about what the people in England and France, and himself in particular, are thinking about many questions connected with the ending of the war and what will come after the war. The particular consequence and interest of his book in connection with these volumes that deal with our own future and endeavour to throw light upon the direction in which current ideas and discussions will carry us lie in the fact that in the latter part of the work he has something to say about the possibility of America joining with Europe in certain united efforts that he thinks ought to be undertaken after the war is ended. He points out that any political co-operation to prevent war in the future, such as the League to Enforce Peace or any sort of international tribunal, political or judicial, will not be sufficient unless industrial and economic questions also are included in its jurisdiction. Therefore, as he presents the matter, if we wish to enter into political co-operation in Europe we must consider also whether or not we are willing to join the European nations in the regulating and co-ordinating of these other matters.

Mr. Wells believes that the mechanical developments and industrial organisation necessary for modern warfare have become matters of such huge consequence and cost that not more than eight of the nations of the world are capable of carrying on warfare. And he asides that our literature upon "preparedness"

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shows that we have no realisation of the fundamental revolution that has taken place in military methods during the last two years. These eight powers, of which he counts the United States as one, being the only ones "capable of warfare under modern conditions" should, he insists, take over and completely control the manufacture of all munitions of war in the world. He endorses the plans of the League to Enforce Peace, but he says that it is necessary to go farther and give to some international tribunal or council the power to pass upon and revise national economic measures, such as tariffs, quarantine, alien exclusion, and other matters of serious irritation between nations. It should have some sort of control over the production and distribution of all staple products, and it should administer the sea law of the world and control and standardise international freights. He insists that the principle of common welfare in trade matters is bound up with the ideal of permanent peace, and that to attempt to leave it out in the settlement after the war will be merely laying down the sword to take up the cudgel.

In the laying of the basis for future peace on solid ground Mr. Wells sees "a supreme opportunity" for this country to help in the furthering of the hope of the world. But he is doubtful of our ability to see the importance of the opportunity and of our courage to undertake the work.

"AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES"

Mr. Weyl sees our present attitude and gesture as the outgrowth of what he calls "our idealistic past" and he expects us, as we step forward into the future, to be still governed by that spirit in which we had our birth and which has ruled our life and become a part of our national being. He writes of the influence of that spirit during the last few years, as inspiring our attitude toward the European war, with understanding and with lucid, judicial statement. To find so fine and true and well reasoned an interpretation of that attitude, which has been so shockingly misrepresented at home and deplorably misunderstood abroad, is something to be thankful for. Moreover, it gives one confidence in the author's insight, penetration and sanity of judgment when he goes on to speak of our problems at home and our relations with the rest of the world. His treatment of these matters is noteworthy for the way in which he relates the latter with the former by means of the common basis he finds for both in the economic situation and tendency. He sees in imperialism, whether political or of that industrial kind which has its source in accumulations of capital, a danger against which we must guard. In a very interesting chapter, called "An Antidote to Imperialism," he points out or suggests a multitude of activities, betterments, evolutions of our social life, which would counteract the impulse to imperialistic ventures of either sort, create a broader economic basis by increasing the prosperity of those at the bottom of the social structure, make the life of the whole nation fuller, freer and more active and enable us to follow a disinterested foreign policy. One after another he takes up the problems of international relationships, as they concern us, which will presently be pressing for settlement and examines them in the light of their probable effect upon us according as they are settled one way or another. But he takes it for granted always that we, as a nation, will want each and all of them to be settled in accordance with our ideal of the welfare of the many rather than the wealth of the few. Finally, he shows that the United States stands now faced with the necessity of making a great decision. "Either it can cling hopelessly to the last vestiges of its policy of isolation, or it can launch out into imperialistic ventures, or, finally, it can promote, as can no other nation, a policy of internationalism, which will bind together the nations in a union of mutual interest and will

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hasten the peaceful progress of the economic and political integration of the world." It is a book that will make for far-sightedness, for clarity of thought and sanity of judgment in the deciding of many of our problems, and the directing of our course. Nor, although it is so much taken up with material concerns, is it without that insight into the heart of things, that gleam of the spirit, without which we shall surely die.

EVENING

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

BELOVED! Let us rest
Where the water lilies glow,
And idly watch the river flowing past.
Our day is at its best
For the lengthened shadows grow,
Sure promise that the night is near, at last.

The livelong summer day
We have worked and thought apart,
But sun-set brings an end to lonely toil;
A little time for play
Comes to ease the work-worn heart,
A moment that the world of care can't spoil.

We'll watch the sunset fade,
And, as night comes on a-pace,
Forget the world and all its warring art,
Beneath the willow shade,
As I gaze upon your face,
I'll press you close and closer to my heart.

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AN ANALYSIS OF FICTION IN THE UNITED STATES 1911 TO 1916

BY FRED E. WOODWARD

THE publication of fiction in the United States presents a fascinating problem, alike to the publisher, book-seller, the librarian and the student of affairs, but to each one from a different point of view. The two first mentioned are apt to view the question with a commercial eye, while the latter are more or less utilitarian in their ideas and approach to the question.

"THE FLOOD OF FICTION"

There is a well-founded belief, prevalent in cultured centres of population, that we are in danger of being swamped or submerged by "the flood of fiction," which issues from the presses of our publishers in an unremitting stream. The stigma of reproach which attaches to the publication and reading of fiction is a survival from an earlier prejudice, and with it we have no quarrel. It is well, however, to be reminded that even in fiction there is such a thing as *quality,* as well as *quantity,* and while we may be a trifle uneasy concerning the seemingly large quantity of fiction which is placed before us, we may also take heart and rejoice in the fact that the flood bears some choice cargoes, and in fact, the measure of good fiction is constantly improving.

FICTION IS DECLINING

It will surprise those who have not kept in close touch with the statistics of the book trade, to be assured that while the population of the United States has increased from seventy millions in 1895 to one hundred and one millions in 1916 —and while the total number of books published in the United States during the same period has increased from 5,469 in 1895 to 10,445 in 1916, the publication of fiction has not kept pace, either in percentage or in actual numbers, with the publication of books in the remaining classes. This statement is so clearly at variance with the general belief that actual figures are appended.*

A glance at the table shows that, including the year 1911, and to the present time, the proportion of books of fiction, issued in the United States, has been less than ten per cent. of the whole output, and that of every one hundred books, more than ninety are in classes other than fiction. The combined figures for these years 1911-1916 are as follows: total books in all classes, 66,445; total fiction, 6,094; percentage of fiction to whole 9.17.

One is constantly reminded that many works of fiction are issued in large and repeated editions, while the more substantial books have a materially smaller issue and circulation, and this cannot be well denied. We maintain, however, that the comparison is a legitimate one, as we are comparing the records of

*In 1895 the total number of new publications, fiction, was 1,114 or 20.3 per cent.

1896	"	"	"	"	"	1,114	19.5	"
1899	"	"	"	"	"	932	17.5	"
1903	"	"	"	"	"	1,460	18.6	"
1906	"	"	"	"	"	1,171	16.4	"
1907	"	"	"	"	"	1,171	12.2	"
1911	"	"	"	"	"	1,024	9.1	"
1913	"	"	"	"	"	1,156	9.45	"
1914	"	"	"	"	"	1,063	8.75	"
1915	"	"	"	"	"	919	9.5	"
1916	"	"	"	"	"	932	8.91	"

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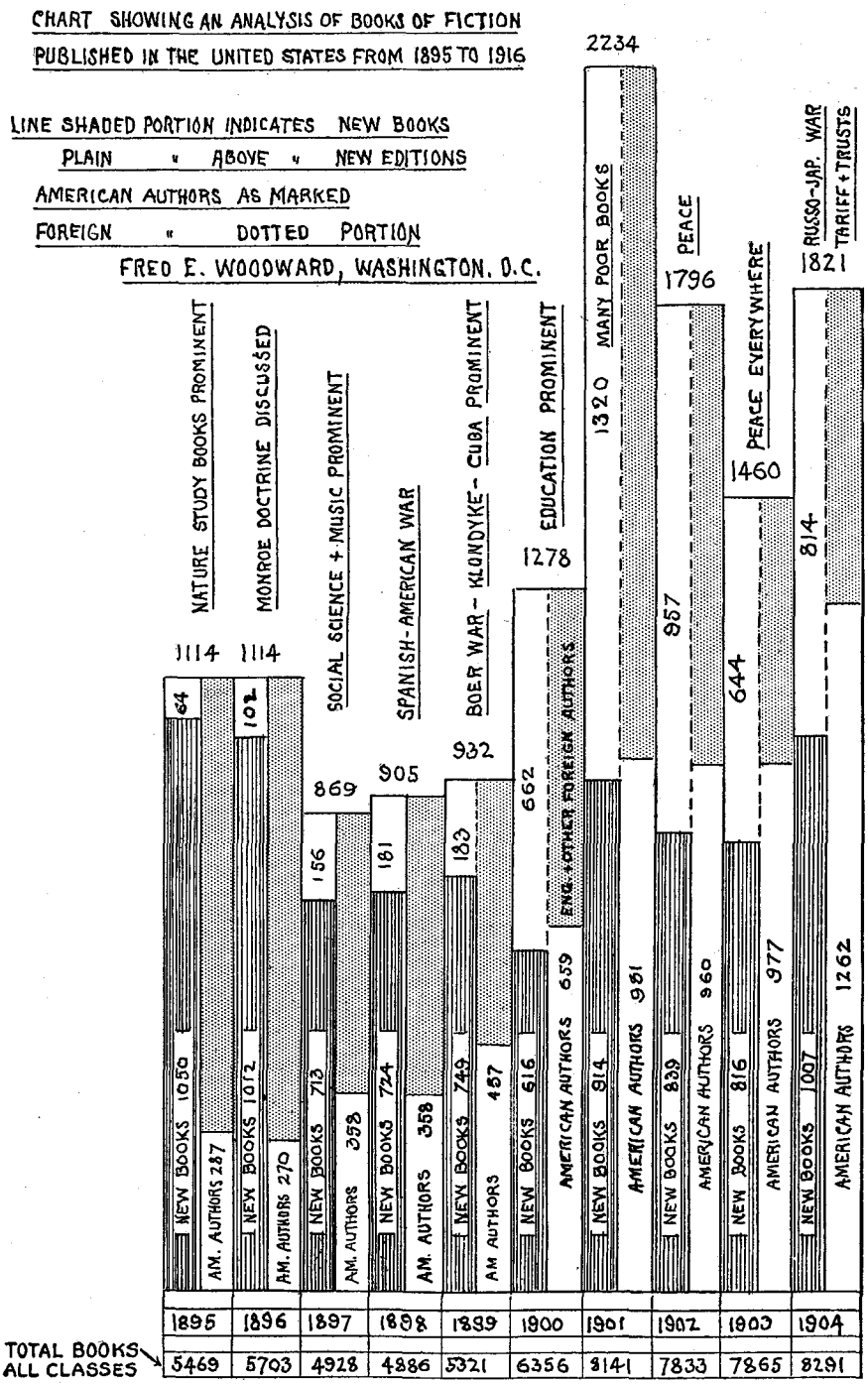

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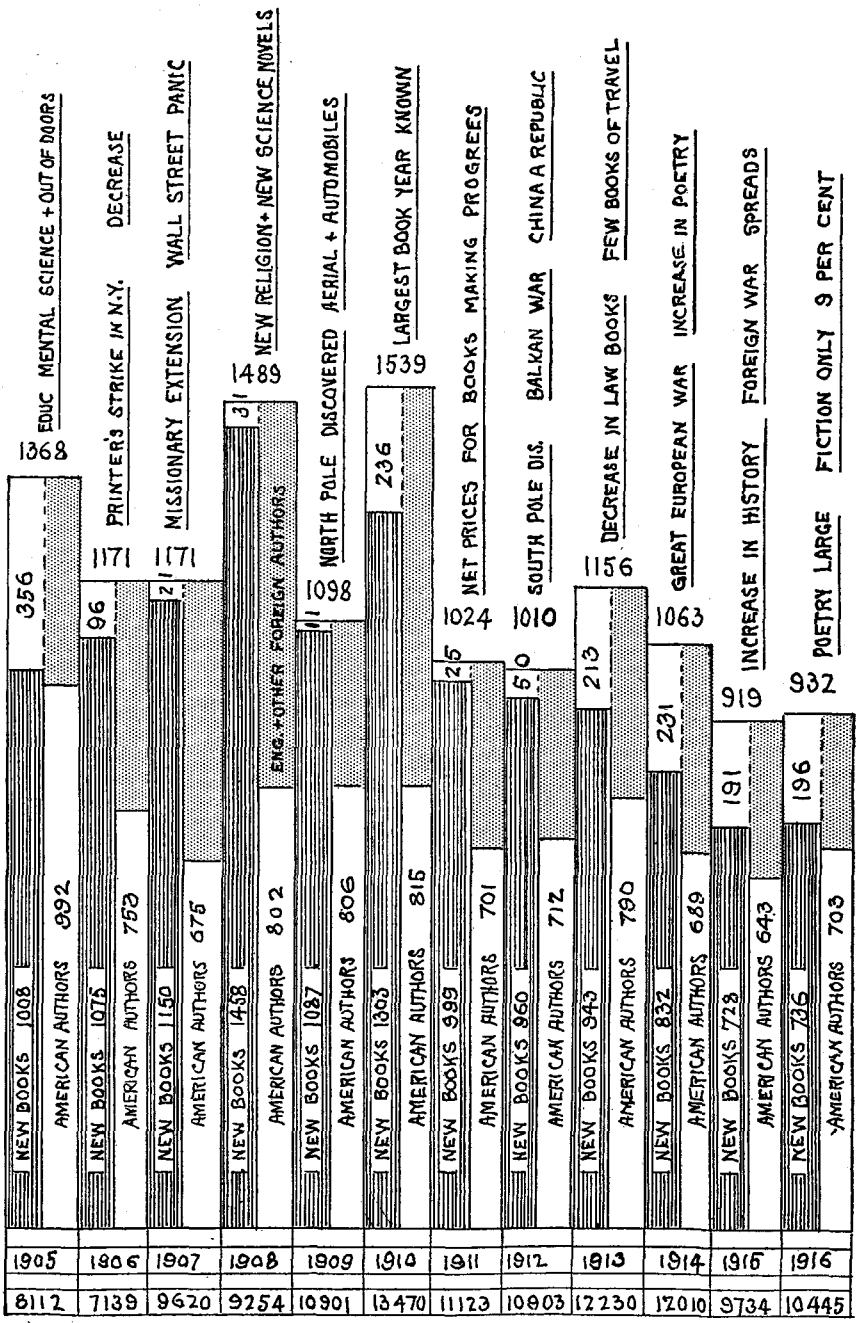

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the present day with the records of a score of years preceding, and because the large sale of popular novels or best sellers is no novelty, as 1895, the first year shown on our chart, marked the advent of *Quo Vadis* and *The Seats of the Mighty,* and *Honourable Peter Stirling,* which sold in overwhelming numbers, quite equal to any of the selling records of to-day. The few preceding years witnessed the triumphs of *Dodo, The Yellow Aster, The Little Minister, The Window in Thrums, Ships That Pass in the Night, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, The Prisoner of Zenda, Trilby, The Manxman* and *The Prince of India,* the sales of the latter amounting to 100,000 from August to December, 1893. During the years mentioned prior to 1911, the proportion of fiction was from 24.5 per cent. to 16.3 per cent. of the whole, with the total number in all classes about one-half the number at the present day, General Literature, Education, Law, and Religion being the only classes other than Fiction, having large registration.

RAPID GROWTH OF SOLID BOOKS

The growth of our country in the last score of years, as reflected in the books which we make, buy and read, has largely developed the classes of History, Geography and Travel, Biography and Genealogy, Philosophy, Physical and Mathematical Science; and especially is this true of Applied Science, embracing Technology, and Engineering, Sociology and Economics, Theology and Religion and in the last ten years to a degree hitherto unknown, Poetry and Drama, this class issuing eight per cent. of the books of 1916, a total of 860 out of 10,445.

NEW BOOKS OF FICTION

Our chart shows a very irregular and varying outline: for instance, the number of new books in 1895 was 1,050 in a total of 1,114, only 64 being re-issues of older books. The largest number of new books was in 1908, when 1,458 were recorded,—with 31 re-issues. The smallest number was in 1900 when the new books in any one year numbering 616, were outnumbered by the new editions, which counted 662.

NEW EDITIONS

The largest number of reprints was in 1901, when we recorded the unusual number of 1,320 out of a total of 2,234, the largest number ever recorded in the United States. This was the year when a flood of books descended upon us from England, many of them reprints of poor novels. The smallest number of re-issues was in 1909, when only eleven were recorded in a total of 1,098.

FICTION BY AMERICAN AUTHORS

A further division shows the largest number of books of fiction written by American authors to be 1,264 in 1904 out of a total of 1,821, and the smallest number in 1896, 270. The average for the whole period is a little over 700 annually.

BY ENGLISH AND OTHER FOREIGN AUTHORS

The largest number of books written by English and other foreign authors was in 1901 when the number was 1,258 out of 2,234. As we have already mentioned, this was the year when the largest number of new editions of old books was published. The smallest number in any one year was 229 in 1916, and the descending ratio of numerals in this class seems to indicate, for the present at least, a decreasing number of books by other than American authors.

The additional chart (No. 2) gives in compact form for future reference, if such reference is ever needed, the chart figures (of No. 1) in tabulated form. The columns following the totals call attention to one popular book of that year and this is followed by some of the important events in world history. The political administrations are shown on the dotted spaces.

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ANALYSIS OF FICTION PUBLISHED IN THE U.S FROM 1895 TO 1916
ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.

		AMERICAN AUTHORS	FOREIGN AUTHORS	NEW BOOKS	NEW EDITIONS	TOTALS	BOOKS OF THE YEAR	EVENTS OF THE YEAR	POLITICAL
1895		287	827	1050	64	1114	LORNA DOONE ·		
1896	REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION	270	844	1012	102	1114	QUO VADIS · ·		CLEVELAND ELEC.
1897		358	511	713	156	869	IN HIS STEPS ·		
1898		358	547	724	181	905	DAVID HARUM ·	SP-AM. WAR	
1899		457	475	749	183	932	RICHARD CARVEL ·	BOER WAR	
1900	REPUBLICAN ADMIN'N	659	619	616	662	1278	EBEN HOLDEN ·	EXPAN. OF NAVY	McKINLEY ELEC.
1901		981	1253	914	1320	2234	ALICE OF OLD V. ·		ROOSEVELT, PRES
1902		960	836	839	957	1796	MRS. WIGGS ·	PEACE	
1903		977	483	816	644	1460	CALL OF WILD ·		
1904	REPUBLICAN ADMIN'N	1262	559	1007	814	1821	THE CROSSING ·	RUSSO-JAP. WAR	ROOSEVELT ELEC.
1905		992	372	1008	356	1364	GARDEN OF ALLAH ·		
1906		753	418	1075	96	1171	CONISTON ·	PRINTER'S STRIKE	
1907		675	496	1150	21	1171	L. OF DECORATION ·	WALL ST. PANIC	
1908	REPUBLICAN ADMIN'N	802	687	1458	31	1489	THREE WEEKS ·		TAFT ELEC.
1909		806	292	1087	11	1098	BELLA DONNA ·	NORTH POLE	
1910		815	724	1303	236	1539	THE ROSARY ·		
1911		701	323	999	25	1024	QUEED ·		
1912	DEMOCRATIC ADMIN'N	712	298	960	50	1010	CEASE FIRING ·	BALKAN WAR	WILSON ELEC.
1913		790	366	943	213	1156	INSIDE THE CUP ·		
1914		689	364	832	221	1053	POLLYANNA ·	EUROPEAN WAR	
1915		643	276	728	191	919	MONEY MASTER ·	E. WAR SPREADS	
1916	DEMOCRATIC ADMIN'N	703	229	736	196	932	MR. BRITTLING ·		WILSON. ELEC.
TOTAL		15650	11799	20719	6730	27449			
AVERAGE FOR 22 YEARS		711	1536	941	306	1247			

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

Edward H. Bierstadt's "Dunsany the Dramatist"; Ernest A. Boyd's "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland"*

The sudden and emphatic popularity of Lord Dunsany, which has been caused, in this country, by the successful exhibitions of his plays in the Portmanteau Theatre and at the Neighborhood Playhouse, has occasioned a demand for further information concerning this apostle of those fabulous and dateless kingdoms which "seem to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World." The publication of *Dunsany the Dramatist,* by Edward Hale Bierstadt, is therefore particularly timely. If this book disclosed no other title to acceptance, it would still be welcome by reason of its subject-matter.

The many people who admire Lord Dunsany are seeking mainly for information in regard to this great author about whom so little has, as yet, been written. Mere comment is beside the mark, and even criticism seems superfluous. Those of us who have seen *The Gods of the Mountain* do not need to be told that it is a great play. All we really want to learn is a catalogue of further facts concerning the career of a dramatist whose life has been hidden in obscurity. On this account, it is unfortunate that Mr. Bierstadt's book is weakest on the score of information. In his introductory chapter, entitled "The Man," this biographer tells us very little more than had been told already by Mr. Edwin Björkman in four sentences of his preface to the volume called *Five Plays.* Mr. Bierstadt tells us, to be sure, that Lord Dunsany is "the worst dressed man in Ireland," that he has a wife and child, and that he writes with quill pens and usually late at night; but those of us whose spirits have been stirred by the compositions of this noble dramatist remain unsatisfied by such details as these and cry out for further information concerning the career of that "unknown warrior" who has forced us reverently to our knees. Since Lord Dunsany, even now, is only thirty-nine years old, it may be taken as a matter of course that further information concerning the mere facts of his career has not yet been disclosed for the benefit of a biographer; but, in a way, it seems a sort of pity that a man's life should be written and set down in print before the time when it was possible to tell the truth about him by studying a multitude of correlated facts.

The second chapter of this book is devoted to critical comment on the eight successive plays of Lord Dunsany. This criticism, in the main, is sound; but much of it—as has already been suggested—is superfluous. Why should any commentator write a book to gild refined gold or paint the lily? The most interesting point that Mr. Bierstadt makes is a clear division of the total field of drama into a discussion of the relation between man and the universe, a discussion of the relation between man and himself, and a discussion of the relation between man and his neighbours. This definition helps us easily to understand the different endeavours of Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Ibsen, and makes evident at once the interesting fact that the plays of Lord Dunsany must be considered in the same category with the plays of Sophocles. This writer has deliberately chosen to regard life from the ancient point of view, instead of from the mediæval or the modern.

*Dunsany the Dramatist. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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Mr. Bierstadt has devoted many pages to a labourious attempt to prove that Lord Dunsany has not, thus far, confined his talents within the limits of the one-act play. The question, of course, is merely whether Lord Dunsany has, or has not, aimed in every instance to achieve that "totality of effect" which Edgar Allan Poe pointed out as the desideratum of the kindred art of the short-story. If Mr. Bierstadt chooses to consider *The Gods of the Mountain* as a play constructed in three acts instead of one, if he chooses to regard *King Argimenes* as a two-act play instead of a one-act play, he is, of course, at liberty to do so. Whenever a playwright has achieved a sudden and a single impression of totality, he cannot possibly be interested by the fact that some theoretic critic has devised a reasonable argument for dividing his composition into three or four or half a dozen acts.

The most interesting section of Mr. Bierstadt's book is the chapter which records the recent correspondence between Lord Dunsany and Mr. Stuart Walker, the proprietor of the Portmanteau Theatre. Mr. Walker's letters are delightful; and Lord Dunsany's answers must be treasured as spontaneous and utterly unconscious exhibitions of a noble mind. The simple record of this correspondence, in itself, would make the book worth reading.

A section also is devoted to the plays of Lord Dunsany in *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland,* by Ernest A. Boyd. There is no dearth of information in this handbook. Mr. Boyd knows all the facts and all the names and all the dates that are deserving of a place in that strange, eventful history which he has chosen to record. The only thing that is lacking in this little book is the element of style. To write without eloquence about such masters of the art of eloquence as Lord Dunsany, John M. Synge, and William Butler Yeats is to cheat the reader of the better half of criticism. Mr. Boyd, for instance, has given up a page to a careful summary of *Riders to the Sea;* but nobody who merely read this page would feel like spending money to see this masterpiece upon the boards. Criticism should be not merely informative, but persuasive also. What is the use of setting down in print such uncontagious statements as "Keats writes well" or "Tennyson is a master of versification"? The only way to make the reader feel the thing you wish to tell him is to pretend, a little while, to talk of something else and then suddenly come at him with an unexpected sentence which embodies that immortal phrase, "The morning stars all sang together."

Mr. Boyd has told us, concerning Lord Dunsany, that "the author made free use of the fabulous Orient which is the scene of his dramas, and whose description gives such poetic colour to his prose." Now let us listen to the language of Lord Dunsany himself:—"Only I get further east than Babylon, even to kingdoms that seem to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World." Why should anybody who lacks ears to hear presume to tell the public anything about a master of the mystic art of prose?

Clayton Hamilton.

III

Cardinal Gibbons's "A Retrospect of Fifty Years"*

Few men in America wield such unobtrusive yet real and powerful influence for good as the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. His venerable age; his exalted office; his active, beneficent career; his varied interests, sound judgment, and unfailing tact; most important of all, the moral value of his blameless life, made but the more resplendent by "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," make Cardinal Gibbons merit and receive the respectful admiration and even the heartfelt affec-

*A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. 2 Vols. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy Company.

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tion of all classes and creeds. For more than a quarter of a century the leading American official of the Catholic Church in America he has borne a responsibility such as few could carry so successfully. Dealing with problems the most momentous and the most delicate, he has never been rash, injudicious, or reactionary. He has had many opportunities to do unwise things; that he did not do them is more than a negative sign of wisdom. Repeatedly called upon to aid in the forming of public opinion, he has never hedged nor been silent; but more often than any other churchman in America he has lifted voice and wielded pen to further the interests of religion and humanity, to expound the teachings of the Catholic Church, to spread Christian morality, to promote social progress, to inculcate civic virtue. He has had the unusual good fortune to continue to say the right thing in the right way at the right time. By temperament prudent, by training conservative, he has retained the open mind of youth and a willingness to consider evidence against even long-settled views. Most loyal to Rome, he has been equally loyal to America. A prince of the Church, he is beloved for his unaffected democracy. An honoured citizen of Baltimore, devoted to its welfare, he received there in 1911 a civic testimonial to his patriotism of greater dignity, magnitude, and universal enthusiasm than is recorded of any other personage not holding an office of state.

Cardinal Gibbons's former books have been mainly concerned with religious subjects; of *The Faith of Our Fathers* over nine hundred thousand copies have been issued and the sale is still going on. The larger part also of these latest volumes is taken up with allied subjects, though exhibiting clearly his genuine devotion to his native land and his optimistic confidence in its future. Over half of the first volume is devoted to reminiscences of the Vatican Council, reprinted from *The Catholic World* and *The North American Review*. At that time he was the youngest Bishop at the Council; to-day he is the sole survivor of over seven hundred members. The prelates came from every corner of the globe and to venerable years added profound learning, wide experience, and apostolic virtue. To some it will be a surprise to learn that "the most ample liberty of discussion prevailed in the Council." This freedom the Holy Father pledged at the opening of the synod, and the pledge was religiously kept. The members were extremely varied in type and interesting. Cardinals Manning, Deschamps, Bilio, Schwarzenberg and Simor; Archbishops Kenrick, Dupanloup and Darboy; Mgr. Hassoun, Bishop Pie and many others are portrayed in a few vivid sketches. One Chinese Bishop had travelled twenty-three thousand miles to attend the Council. Several had been exiled from their sees; "others were the successors of martyrs and were destined themselves to wear a martyr's crown." Cardinal Gibbons gives a picture of the daily life and private apartments of Pope Pius IX; describes in detail the discussions on the various questions, and devotes to the ceremonies of Holy Week, a chapter worthy to stand beside Cardinal Wiseman's famous essay.

The essay on the Knights of Labour is one of the most important, as the part played by Cardinal Gibbons in their behalf is one of his noblest achievements. "Numerous societies for the protection of the working man rose during the administration of President Cleveland—societies to which working people began to adhere more and more steadfastly as their only protection from economic slavery, but which were vehemently attacked upon the other side as destructive, revolutionary, and even anarchic." The Canadian Bishops were so alarmed that they obtained from the Holy See a condemnation of the society in Canada. But Archbishop Gibbons (as he then was) and all but two of the twelve American Archbishops "were equally alarmed at the prospect of the Church being presented before our age as the

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friend of the powerful rich and the enemy of the helpless poor; for, not only would such an alliance, or even apparent alliance, have done the Church untold harm, but it would have been the *bouleversement* of our whole history. The one body in the world which had been the protector of the poor and the weak for nearly eighteen hundred years, could not possibly desert these same classes in their hour of need." When the Archbishop sailed for Europe in 1887 to receive the Cardinal's Hat, he accordingly presented the plea of organised labour in the form of a document to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda; the Knights of Labour were not condemned; and a few years later Pope Leo XIII "enunciated the principles which underlie the Church's moral teaching with regard to economics, in his famous encyclical, *Rerum Novarum.*"

Perhaps none of the essays is more scholarly and thoughtful than the address delivered at the silver jubilee of the Catholic University of America in Washington held in 1916. For the University, of which he has always been the Chancellor, His Eminence has always had a special affection. Influential in founding it, he was the one whose courage and faith in God kept its doors opened when financial difficulties urged others to wish them closed. And so he not only had reason to rejoice at the successful outcome of his confidence in this institution's future but, as was appropriate, he here saw a vindication of the Catholic theory of education and the value of a Catholic University to our whole civic and social life.

It would be only partially to represent Cardinal Gibbons's interest not to make especial mention of the essays on "The Church and the Republic," "Patriotism and Politics," and "Will the American Republic Endure?" Here he gives free scope to his intense patriotism, for, as he says in his Introduction, "My countrymen and my fellow-Catholics will forgive me if I seem to yearn over this Church and this people, but I do so because I believe both the American Church and the American people to be precious in the sight of God, and designed, each one in its proper sphere, for a glorious future."

Although these volumes make no claim to be an autobiography, many valuable details are given as to the Cardinal's own history and the progress of the Church in this country. In every essay, however, the character of the man is unconsciously made clear. And one rises from such reading with the conviction that this man is greater than any of his writings or deeds, and that such a man is one of the greatest assets of a nation or a church.

Francis P. Lyons, C.S.P.

IV-V

Frederick Palmer's "My Second Year of the War;" Philip Gibbs's "The Battles of the Somme"*

A reader who knows the splendid, swinging style of *My Year of the Great War,* who has felt his blood stir in response to its graphic battle pictures, will eagerly seek a renewal of his pleasure in Frederick Palmer's latest book, *My Second Year of the War.* And, for the most part, that reader will not be disappointed. The style is the same, and here and there, vivid vignettes flash up from the pages to fire the imagination as of old. There is the storming of Contalmaison, clearly seen in the bright sunshine, and as clearly recorded. And there is the picture of the guns during the night attack on the Ridge.

> Guns ahead of us and around us and behind us as usual, in a battle of competitive crashes among themselves, and nearby we saw the figures of the gunners outlined in instants of weird lightning glow, which might include the horses of a caisson in a

*My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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flicker of distinct silhouette flashed out of the night and then lost in the night. . . . The thing was majestic, diabolical, beautiful, absurd—anything you wished to call it . . . . You might think of your little group of observers as occupying a point of view in space where one planet hidden in darkness was throwing aerolites at another hidden in darkness striking it with mighty explosions, and the crashes and screams were the sound of the missiles on their unlighted way.

A different type of sketch is found in Mr. Palmer's description of those unique battle machines, the British tanks. "Unquestionably," says Mr. Palmer, "the tank resembles an armadillo, a caterpillar, a diplodocus, a motor car, and a travelling circus. . . . No pianist was ever more temperamental; no tortoise ever more phlegmatic." Nor can one omit the incident of the tank reported as "walking up the main street of Flers surrounded by cheering British soldiers," with a sign displayed on it bearing the legend, "Extra Special! Great Hun Victory!" Although the army to a man promptly personified the tanks and to a man refused to regard them otherwise than as huge, ungainly jokes, they proved their worth, if in no other way, by stamping out hostile machine guns, those terrors of the attacking infantryman, and saved the British thousands of casualties. Unfortunately, many of Mr. Palmer's descriptions lose effectiveness because they are very much like similar descriptions found in *My Year of the Great War*. It seems hardly necessary for the author to draw again with so much detail scenes varying only slightly from other scenes he has drawn before. To say this, and to suggest that his apotheosis of the British army, pleasant as it will be to the majority of his readers, is a trifle too Kiplingesque, is to sum up the possible defects in Mr. Palmer's work.

On the whole, the strongest appeal of the book is to the thoughtful mind. The clear-cut account of the great British drive on the Somme, to which the volume confines itself pretty closely in spite of its general title, is very good to read, after the vague lavishness of the daily press. Again, what the author has to say concerning the training of the new British army for this vital test of its power, this trying-out of an emergency-made force against the finished product of years of militarism, brings enlightenment to one who may have wondered why England did not "do something" earlier in the war. Finally, Mr. Palmer's scattered commentary on what he has seen is extremely valuable in that it contains the mature reflections of a man better acquainted with the whole ghastly business than some others who have ventured to write about it. *My Second Year of the War,* in short, is fundamentally not an emotional book. It is rather a record that one turns to for clear and accurate information about what really happened. The seeker for impassioned rhetoric, for outpourings of feeling, must direct his search elsewhere.

It is profitable to compare with Mr. Palmer's volume Philip Gibbs's *The Battles of the Somme*. The two books cover practically the same ground; but Mr. Gibbs confines to a brief introduction what he has to say about the prologue, and plunges with his first chapter into the stupendous drama itself. Mr. Palmer, one might say, has written an excellent book about the war. Mr. Gibbs's book *is* the war. He takes the reader with him into the battle region, and as he himself saw and sensed, the reader sees and senses the horror and the nastiness and the incredible folly of it all; but, shining through the sombreness, the glory of those golden lads who, knowing war and hating it like the hell it is, went steadfastly forward into the flames with smiling eyes and a jest on their lips. It is the individuality of the author's style, the success of his passionate desire to make others see and feel as he saw and felt, that lifts his group of battle pictures into something more than just another war book.

The interest is in the separate scenes,

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rather than in the whole, and this makes any generality concerning the work rather difficult. A reader, however, unless he is rabidly pro- one side or the other, will appreciate the spirit of fairness Mr. Gibbs displays in his often recurring tributes to the Germans, tributes gathered largely from the mouths of men fresh from fighting the Germans. "They are wonderful men," he quotes an officer as saying, "and work their machines until they are bombed to death." "We had white men against us, and they let us get in our wounded without hindrance as soon as the fight was over." And again, "Two German doctors helped to dress our wounded, and worked bravely and steadily under shell-fire for many hours. One of them objected to having a sentry put near his dugout. 'I am not a fighting man,' he said, . . . 'My work is for humanity, and your wounded are the same to me as ours.'" There is something nobler in that than the vulgar invective of the civilian partisan, something finer than the bitter exaggerations of the stay-at-home cartoonist, something one instinctively likes. One likes, too, the incident of the young British officer, a boy of nineteen, who, after his superiors had fallen, called to his company, "Come on, lads! I'm only a kid, but I'll show you the way all right!" And his men laughed at the words and followed him. There is an interesting sidelight on the fundamental humanness of mankind in the sketch of the two bandaged soldiers, a German and an Englishman, trudging side by side to a field dressing-station. Said the Englishman, "This chap tried to gouge out my eye with his fist, and I did the same to his with my elbow, and now we get on famously together."

The faults of the book are the natural outgrowth of its virtues, the outgrowth, too, of the fact that the incidents are given just as they were written down in the field "at great speed, sometimes in utter exhaustion of body and brain." The language, at times vivid and rich with colour, at times simple and direct, occasionally becomes strained and melodramatic. The logical order of events is often broken into, and the author is often compelled to refer the reader to preceding pages for a clear understanding of what is coming next. This repetition not only grows tiresome, but, together with the interest and lavishness of the details, successfully prevents a clear understanding of the operations as an organic whole. In this matter of clearly presenting the development of the great drive, Mr. Palmer's book is decidedly the better of the two. But probably no one man, even—although the statement is a bold one—the late Mr. George Steevens, could produce a perfectly balanced account of the present war; and that may be offered as one excuse for the constant additions to the tremendous accumulation of war literature.

Allen R. Dodd.

VI-VII

Bertrand Russell's "Why Men Fight"; Philip Marshall Brown's "International Realities"*

The fundamental differences between General Wood's followers and the pacifists is not after all so great. Both base their conclusions on the immutability of the structure of life. The first believe that war is bad but inevitable in human nature, and human nature cannot be changed: hence prepare to make war as effectively as possible. The second believe that war is bad and the product of the evil machinations of capitalists and national rivalries—in other words, "the system:" hence establish checks and new machinery.

In the rough classification of the British War Office Bertrand Russell is a pacifist. As such he has been both

*Why Men Fight. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company.

International Realtities. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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prosecuted and curbed by the British government; he has even, as we know, been deprived of his fellowship in Cambridge and prevented from coming to this country to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard—with the inevitable result that his audience has been immeasurably widened.

But *Why Men Fight* is not a negative argument for pacifism. It makes none of the naïve assumptions of pacifists; it even regards passive pacifism as worse than war, because less vital. Nor is it, notwithstanding its title, primarily a book on war. It is an analysis of the elements of life, an analysis made with fine vision and daring constructiveness. It sees war as only one of the evil results of the maladjustments of those elements and peace as impossible until new adjustments are effected. The state, private property, the industrial system, education, religion, marriage—to every institution in modern society Mr. Russell applies the test of whether it furthers or thwarts the "central principle of growth of human impulses," which is freedom for complete development. Each he finds to be based on authority, to rest on a past that men have outgrown, with the result that their living, creative impulses are warped and restricted. Those impulses, thus restricted, seek outlet, as restricted impulses always do, in destructive forms, the worst of which is war.

No international court, no league to enforce peace, no arbitral body, no other programme that leaves the foundations of society untouched will free mankind of that evil. To that extent he agrees with those who say it is human nature for men to make war; but, as he sees it, it is a human nature cramped and perverted by men themselves and their institutions. Those institutions, however, deeply rooted in habit and custom, he refuses to accept as immutable or permanent or merely by the fact of their existence as best.

Professor Brown in *International Realities* sets for himself a narrower scope. His book deals only with the politics of international relationships. Though unduly obsessed by "realities," —which is to say, existing phenomena —and unnecessarily patronising in tone toward the "emotion and sentiment" of those who seek a more idealistic and visionary solution, it is nevertheless a valuable analysis of the bases of international law.

His plea is for the creation of a body of international law that shall define more clearly than in the past the legal rights and interests of nations and the obligations those rights and interests entail. If the foundations of international law have crumbled in this war, he says, it is because there were no such foundations. And he holds it futile to create international agencies to administer and enforce law on nations until those nations have agreed on what that law is to be. For that reason he is opposed to an international executive of any kind, even a league to enforce peace, or an international court to settle disputes. He favours instead occasional and informal congresses to draw up codes on special subjects, such as the rights of foreign creditors and the status of aliens. From such conferences a beginning might be made toward the creation of practical international legislation.

Nathaniel Pfeffer.

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VIII-IX-X

Adler's "The Neurotic Constitution;" Hitschmann's "Freud's Theories of the Neuroses;" Pfister's "The Psychoanalytic Method"*

Indications of an increased interest in psychoanalysis in this country are given by the simultaneous appearance of translations of three books from the German following shortly upon the publication of Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* and his *Analytical Psychology*. Pfister's book is designed to equip educators with the knowledge necessary to enable them to carry on psychoanalytic treatment of subnormal pupils as well as to foresee and prevent later abnormalities, the causes of which are operative, even in the earliest years, and may be detected only by means of the psychoanalytic technique. Hitschmann's book is aimed primarily at physicians, although it is by far the most readable, and most clearly expressed of the three, while Adler's is a work almost polemical in the defense of his own contribution to the theory of psychoanalysis and contains, incidentally, sharp criticism of some of Freud's positions.

Psychoanalysis is the psychology of the twentieth century, and differs from all previous forms of mental science in the emphasis placed upon the recognition of the Unconscious. The psychology that we had to study in college twenty years ago, and which is still continued in most colleges to-day, is the old style conscious psychology which bored us to death with its generalities, where it did not swamp us with its mathematical particularities, and shied with horror at the mention of anything subliminal or subconscious, as it looked askance at the members of the societies for psychical research. But in the newer psychology, which took its beginning from the work of Sigmund Freud, all that is changed, and the conscious thoughts are seen to be determined by the psychical processes which go on outside of consciousness. "Mental" is now seen to include not only "conscious" but "unconscious," and the dynamic and quantitative relations of these two elements of mental life show us that we have for centuries been looking at the smaller and less important part of the mind. No thought that occurs to anyone but is the result not merely of previous conscious mental states but of a much larger number of states and activities of which we have not been conscious and of which we could by no possibility have become conscious until the advent of the newer psychology, psychoanalysis. It may be stated that no act of ours is really caused by the small number of perceptible causes which we assign for it, but that all the reasons that we give for doing anything that we do, are mere pretexts or rationalisations, as Ernest Jones has called them, or "reason-fabricatings," to enable us to square our acts with our conscious point of view. Now psychoanalysis comes along and shows that the actions of everyday life and of all special sorts, even insane ones, cannot be aligned exclusively with the conscious thinking but are necessarily connected with the states of mind which are not only not conscious but in ordinary circumstances (that is, outside of psychoanalytic research), can never enter consciousness. Examples of the unconscious determination of conscious states are universal. There are no exceptions. Literary and artistic creations

*The Neurotic Constitution. Outlines of a Compartive Individualistic Psychology and Psychotherapy. By Alfred Adler. Authorised English translation by Bernard Glueck, M.D., Director, Psychiatric Clinic, Sing Sing Prison and John E. Lind, M.D., Senior Assistant Physician, Saint Elizabeth's Hospital. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Freud's Theories of the Neuroses. By Eduard Hitschmann. Authorised translation by Dr. C. R. Payne, with an introduction by Ernest Jones, M.D., M.R.C.P., of London. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Psychoanalytic Method. By Oskar Pfister. Authorised Translation by Charles Rockwell Payne. With introductions by Sigmund Freud and G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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are apposite illustrations. Not only does a poem of Coleridge take form in a dream and is written on awaking exactly as it occurred in the sleeping state, but the ideas for a novel or a play are thought out unconsciously and enter consciousness already outlined, if not elaborated in detail.

Psychoanalysis began as a medical research on the part of physicians who were trying to fathom the mysteries of the neuroses, but it has now been extended to the inclusion of all expressions of the human psyche. Naturally the greater part of the literature on the subject is still concerned with the problems of psychiatry. Pfister's book is almost the only one that has a practical application to human problems outside of therapeutic ones. Adler's book is concerned to prove the thesis that all nervous diseases and many of the other kind are caused by an effort on the part of the psyche to compensate for a feeling of inferiority in comparison with other persons. This feeling of inferiority he thinks originates from a real physical inferiority or subnormality in some of the organs of the body. Thus, if there is an inability in the eyes to perceive certain sensations or to perceive them less keenly than other persons do, the psyche unconsciously devotes a great deal of energy to make up for the defect. A defective vision thus will make an artist, because his comparative inferiority in this particular makes him sensitive to it and arouses a desire to excel in that very sphere. He must be an artist in order to demonstrate his superiority, to show to others that in the characteristic where he feels himself to be deficient he is able to evince a remarkable superiority.

This attitude, it will be seen, is only a feature of what Adler calls the "masculine protest," which means that according to his theory, we all wish to be excessively masculine, whether we are men or women, because the position of the male in modern society is one of power, and the position of the female is considered to be one of weakness. This attitude, which he calls a "fictive guiding line" is something which has no real cause or reasonableness in the nature of things, but which is imposed upon the world of reality, or is universally attempted to be imposed, by human thought. Adler sees every manifestation of human striving as an expression of the "masculine protest," not only all symptoms of disease, but also all other expressions of the unconscious, all breaking out of it into conscious life. Nothing, according to him, is thought or done except with regard to whether it increases our superiority over other persons. Thus people make themselves sick in order to control other people, to make them attendants and caretakers, to put it plainly, so that the sick ones may be the centre of activity and that as much as possible may revolve around their own personality. This "masculine protest" causes women to avoid marriage so that they may not be required to do a woman's part in bearing and bringing up childen, this being the real cause of all the masculinity which is so carefully developed in some women; and it is what really causes men to avoid marrying and fulfilling their parts as fathers and heads of families, because they, too, in shrinking from responsibility which would be theirs if they had families, are showing their superiority to the customs and requirements of society. They fail in their duty to their wives if they do get married, so as to show their superiority by means of denying their partners what the latter have a right to expect. They are superior because they control. They control because they disappoint. They disappoint in falling below the expectations of other persons. If they acted as other persons wished or expected them to, they woud be following the suggestions and accepting the directions of others. Adler instances the case of a young pianist, who made a deplorable failure at a concert. Her hands suddenly became stiff and she could not play. It would seem hard to see any triumph for her in this situation. But

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there was. Her mother, whom she unconsciously hated, had been the one who had started her on her musical career, and the disappointment of the mother thus came to have a value, a state of affairs which of course was morbid. Nothing could be more exquisite than this punishment of the mother, and nothing could have been a greater victory for the unconscious of the daughter, which thus "gained some private end," than the resulting humiliation of the mother. Thus, according to Adler, does the unconscious work. The daughter showed a "masculine protest" in not being ruled by the mother, and fulfilled her wish to make her superior position secure ("craving for security") by showing her ability to reject her mother's suggestions.

The book is not pleasant reading, and one has, all through, the impression that Adler is trying very hard to defend himself in a position, which really does not need such valiant efforts, to gain the fulfillment of his own craving for security. The more mellow moral that he is really aiming to point out is frequently obscured, namely that this security and superiority feeling is a kind of fallacy. We do not need to take such heroic steps to insure our security as he is taking in this long book to double-nail and clinch the security of his tenets. They are only an episode in the larger theory of Freud.

Much more interesting to the reader of books is the part of Pfister's treatise where he points out the applications of the Freudian theory to literature, art and religion.

> The content of the poetic production also proves to be a manifestation [of the unconscious craving] . . . Grillparzer describes in many works the man divided between two women; Richard Wagner, the woman divided between two men and passing over to the new-comer, because both authors thereby expressed their own erotic situations. Grillparzer remained for a lifetime devoted to the Frohlich sisters, of whom he was engaged to Kathi to the end of his life; from inner reasons he could marry neither. Like Goethe he remained (unconsciously) attached to his mother. Wagner has Senta go over to the Dutchman . . . Brunhilda to Siegfried; because he himself desired the love which prejudiced a third person . . . Ibsen's constant handling of the marriage problem may be elucidated from the history of the poet's marital conditions.

Pfister shows how the creative artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, is saved by his art from being a neurotic, which he would be, were it not for his ability to use his art as a social and therefore safe outlet for his otherwise diverted unconscious craving.

It is intensely interesting to examine the writers of any age, but particularly those of the present, with the standards afforded by psychoanalytic research. In doing so we begin to understand the enormous popularity of many modern novelists, when we realise that they appeal to a kind of spiritual immaturity in human character, which few or none of us escape. We begin to see why Shaw, for instance, is so unconvincing, in spite of his being so brilliant, when we find many of his utterances to be a manifestation of what the newer psychology calls a form of exhibitionism; and why Wells is so inconclusive, while at the same time so far-seeing and prophetic, when we realise that he states problems which, on account of the necessary incompleteness of psychological research, are at present impossible of solution. The growing attention given in America to the newer psychology is an encouraging sign, which presages a much more thoughtful and adult attitude toward life—an attitude which becomes a study and an effort to illuminate the multitudinous social conditions which are still, and particularly in this age of belligerent madness, a distracting muddle. *Wilfrid Lay.*

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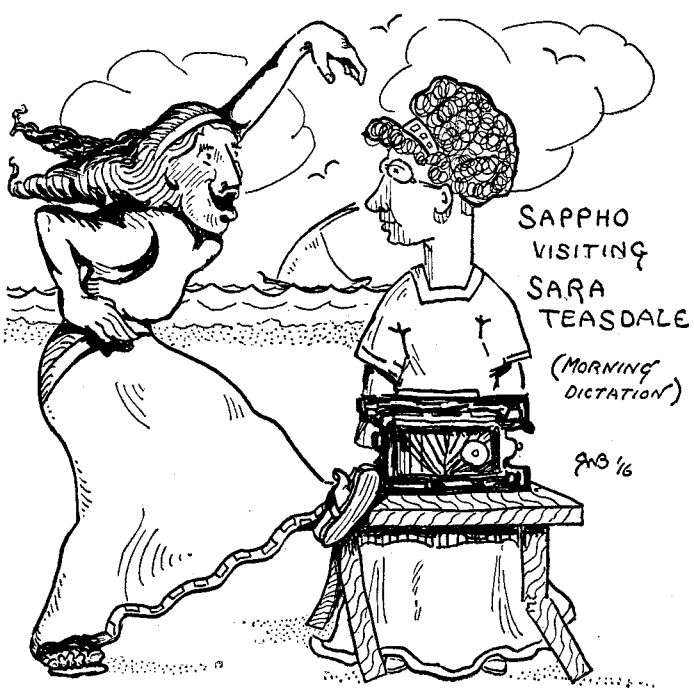
THE MASQUE OF POETS AS SEEN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AMY LOWELL APPEARING TO A POETRY SOCIETY



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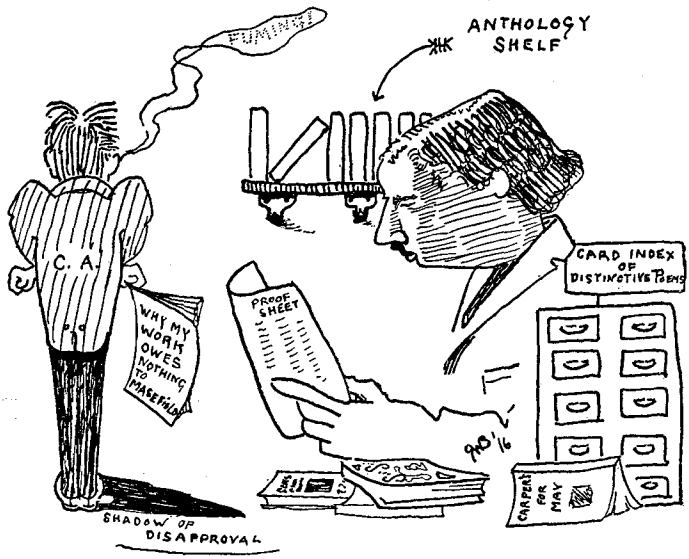

MR. WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE READS 17,894,631 MAGAZINE POEMS FOR HIS ANNUAL LIST, A PURSUIT WITH WHICH MR CONRAD AIKEN REFUSES TO HAVE ANY THING TO DO.

AS I IMAGINE MISS HARRIET MONROE EDITING "POETRY"

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WE HEAR it said now and then that one reason why current criticism is of little account (current criticism, to be sure, has never been of much account, according to current "authorship") is its neglect of questions of form and style. Suppose we keep those questions in mind, in looking over the rather miscellaneous group of novels that lies before us this month. Here, to begin with, is the *Mendel* of Mr. Gilbert Cannan. From the translator of *Jean-Christophe* and the author of *Round the Corner* and *Old Mole,* we cannot look for trim and squared-off construction; probably the last thing he would care to do would be to turn out "well-made" fiction. In *Mendel* he is doing a portrait, or a portrait-group with a central figure, rather than telling a story. Or, if you like, he is cutting off a very carefully selected slice of life and laying it, not without imaginative garnishing, upon the public platter. He is at no pains to polish off his Mendel, or to dismiss him, at the end of these pages, as destined to be happy or unhappy ever after. Here, rather, he is a fellow-being whom we accompany for some distance on his road and who, when our ways part, appears to be decisively turning from a qualified addiction to life, toward an unqualified devotion to art. Yes, he is the fellow with the temperament once more! Mendel Kühler is son of a Jewish immigrant from Austrian Poland. The parents are orthodox Jews, and have no vision beyond the boundaries of their London Jewry. The boy Mendel has beauty and genius. Between mother and son there is a bond which is never broken or even strained, though he is soon beyond her mental and æsthetic range. Of his talent there is no doubt, and he is early set in the way of commercial and conventional success. But his genius revolts, and he leaves the easy path to pursue, blindly at first, the hard road of self-fulfilment. When we see the last of him he has, at least, a firm foot upon the rising slope, and has turned a ruthless shoulder to all other objects in life, including his long dream of happy love. In a way he has found himself, and in a way, therefore, his story is complete. There is a good deal of dinginess in the chronicle, the dinginess of egotism, of drink, and of sex. Whether it is all worth while for us depends upon whether we are able to believe in this youth,—not merely in his genius, but in the essential force and integrity of his nature. Mr. Cannan's style (in the narrower sense of verbal expression) has, like that of several of his contemporaries among the younger British school of novelists—notably Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Walpole—more distinction than that of their brilliant but chatty elders, Messrs. Wells and Bennett. It is, if you choose, more "literary." In narrative it is simple but never haphazard, and in description it not seldom achieves beauty: "They were unwilling to let their deep thoughts emerge until they had been caught up in the beauty of the place, the serene lines of the comfortable folding hills, the

*Mendel. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Unwelcome Man. By Waldo Frank. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Bittersweet. By Grant Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Thoroughbred. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Wave. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Lydia of the Pines. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Thorgils. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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farmsteads tucked in the hollows, the rich velvet plow-lands, the blue masses of woods, the gorse-grown common, and the single sentinels the trees, and the hedges where the birds sang and twittered, 'Tit-a-weet! tit-a-weet!' . . . And over the hills hung the wide sky, vast and open, with great clouds that seemed to be drawn from the edge of the earth and set floating up and up to show how limitless was the space above the earth."

The style of *The Unwelcome Man,* like its philosophy, is a thing to be consciously accepted or surmounted if one is to read the book at all. It is pretentious, formal, often inflated, sometimes turgid. It has the portentous quality we are familiar with in the work of Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Robert Hichens. Occasionally it achieves impressiveness: on the whole it is an obstacle rather than a vehicle between the writer and the reader. Its total lack of humour reflects the author's chief lack; by humour I mean, of course, not wit or fun, but insight and the flexibility of sympathy that goes with it. At eighteen, the boy Quincy has a vision of himself, of what his life has been. This is how his chronicler renders it: "All of it was a Pattern to him, once it was behind. And in the process of its unfolding, he was the unit that recurred persistently within it. He was the dark part of the design: richly, suavely black. About him fell burstings of colour, scatteredly composed and half-drawn toward him, as if a slightly stronger force prevailed against the colour's impulse to fly clear. The whole was restless. The dark centre-part — himself — seemed strangely unmoved. It was Quincy's first intensive lesson in the design of spirit—that mad craftsman who hurls strident clashings into a harmony so fluent that all the world, if one step back and look, falls to a monochrome." There is, I feel, a veritable imagination at work here, but an imagination enfevered and in some sense possessed. And this is what I feel about the book as a whole. With all its "realism" of scene and episode, it is less a story than a parable; and it is a parable based upon despair. Quincy Burt is an unwelcome child, but this is merely symbolic of his status in the world. And that status, the author seems to tell us, is the status of every human being now born into the world. For what the world welcomes is not a man, a free being who may go his own way in the image of God, but a conformer, a serf, a cog in the social and industrial machine. Quincy Burt has his childish and boyish dreams, his potentialities, and makes his fight for them, and is conquered. That he makes his fight at all stamps him as a crank or a freak, and life becomes tolerable for him only on terms of surrender. In the end he sees that men are permitted to live only when they are dead: "They ate and laughed and danced—the dead. They builded cities on the murmurous hillsides and haunted the free waters of the sea—the dead. He—had been alive. He had not been one of them. He had suffered. He had been unwelcome. But now? What was the easeful languor through him? the warmth that swathed him, the fellowship that buoyed him? He no longer suffered. He was one of them. He was dead also! He had found the way!" . . . Requiescat Quincy!

Mr. Hichens takes a more cheerful view of life than this, but, alas, it is his wont to lead us through miry places on our way to that view. There is always a trace of prurience in his solemn fervour. He would exalt the spirit, but what he dwells on is the flesh. *In the Wilderness* betrays the same old preoccupation, and will, I fear, be snatched at in the name of its moral by a multitude of curious souls who will know what dubious entertainment they may look for by the way. Exotic scenes are again made use of, scenes symbolic of the opposing forces of sexual purity and impurity which, as usual, with this writer, are the real protagonists. The forces are humanly embodied in the two women of the story. Between the in-

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human purity of the one and the inhuman impurity of the other, Dion Leith, the base of the triangle, is very nearly robbed of his soul. He marries the angel of Elis, who turns out to be but a wooden angel. She is supposed to become all mother, and when, by dreadful chance, her husband becomes the slayer of their son, she casts him off without ruth. Therefore he falls prey to the harpy of Stamboul, and is nearly done for in this world and the next when the angel changes from wood to flesh, and goes to his and her own rescue. The reader gets his money's worth of this: it runs to nearly six hundred black pages, perhaps four hundred of them frankly through the mire. I have just been citing Mr. Hichens as a master of the portentous style. All of his virtuous parts are done in it and are, to tell the truth, pretty dull going: the first book of the present story, before we get comfortably into the mud, is deadly. It solemnly assists at the chaste and interminable commerce of the gutta-percha man and the wooden angel, upon the occasion of their alleged honeymoon in the shadow of the Parthenon or before the statue of Hermes and Dionysos at Elis. All that intensity and rhetoric can do is done, and done in vain, to persuade us that these two are anything more than two rather ordinary persons who take themselves and their relation excessively to heart. There is more mooning than honeymooning for them, more spouting than talk. Under the test of life which follows they both (for all the clever passes Mr. Hichens makes to distract us from the fact) comport themselves, in their several ways, like stupid children. That might be the moral, if we did not leave them, after all their troubles, once again mooning and spouting and professing great matters beneath the long-suffering pines of Elis. In pure description, Mr. Hichens's style is at its best: there solemnity becomes seriousness, there one's sense of strain is eased and half-forgotten: "Over Elis the twilight was falling, a green twilight, sylvan and very ethereal, tremulous in its delicate beauty. It stole through the green doors, and down through the murmuring pine trees. The sheep-bells were ringing softly; the flocks were going home from pasture; and the chime of their little bells mingled with the wide whispering of the eternities among the summits of the pine trees. Music of earth mingled with the music from the distance that knew what the twilight knew."

Place counts for much with Mr. Grant Richards, also. Indeed, it may fairly be said that *Bittersweet* is written around the night-scene of Montmartre, as (if my memory holds) his earlier story *Caviare* was written around the equally garish and artificial scene of Monte Carlo. It is hard to make this writer out. His style is not hectic, he seems to go about his business quite simply and coolly. He appears to have no obsession to conceal beneath the portentous manner, nor would one say that he is frankly catering to the curious. But it remains a doubtful business. It here concerns the passionate affair of a middle-aged Englishman with a dancer in the night-haunts of Paris. Gerard Blundell is a well-to-do London wine-merchant with a wife and three children. He is fond of his family, but marriage has passed its exciting phase, and, quite unconsciously, he is ripe for further adventure. Despatched to Aix for a cure, he strays by chance into a night restaurant, and falls in with the girl Illona. He is shocked by the sordidness of her trade of professional money-snatcher from the dissolute male in his cups, but succumbs to her strange charm, and she is presently his mistress. He is the one love of her life, and brings out what is best in her and that seems to him very good indeed. But it occurs seriously to neither of them that she shall change her way of life! By day they meet and love, by night she continues to ply her trade. And this arrangement holds when, after an attempted separation of some months, they meet again in Paris. Our precious Gerard now does his

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business there, with his wife and family at St. Cloud. Ensues the double life—days at his office, dinner at home, and, under the plea of industry, nights amid the costly and vulgar debauchery of the cafés where Illona dances and begs her way into the pockets of all comers. Now the only way, it is clear, in which a long course of this kind of thing could be made anything better than disheartening and disgusting to the healthy reader, would be by inducing him to believe stoutly in the inherent virtue of the technically guilty persons. For Illona Mr. Richards does succeed in making out something of a case—the victim of rearing and circumstance, the night butterfly with the heart of gold,—a Camille of other times and manners, deliberately sacrificing, in the end, her own chances of happiness for the welfare of her half-wearied lover. But for the man there is no case at all: he is and always will be a selfish cad who, after his squalid little fling, is enabled to go back to his wife and his children and his respectable comfort without a qualm and without a jot of penalty. If there is any "moral," it would seem to lie in the implication that his domestic happiness has been finally confirmed by what he has done: hereafter he is to be the matchless spouse and paterfamilias. We incline to think he will be,—in so far as his selfishness and caddishness permit.

Without speaking puritanically, I may note (what might be noted almost any month of half the books given space in this department) that the four novels "handled" or mishandled above would none of them have been passed about one's family twenty years ago. So great a change in so short a time has seized upon the spirit of Anglo-American fiction, through the Continental influence, and through what I must confess seems to me excessive reaction against "Victorian" prudery. Decency and reticence are not always the same things as hypocrisy and repression; and literature may recognise sex as the mainspring of life without becoming its phallic symbol.

It is pleasant, for a change, to be able to rate the other four books in our group as wholesome by the elder standards. A passage or two in *The Thoroughbred* might have been frowned over by the arbiters of our youthful reading, unversed as they were (despite a Rossetti here and there) in the baring of the conjugal relation. But it contains no episode such as defaces Mr. Webster's *The Real Adventure*. There he followed a current fashion by which the romancer seems to feel bound to show himself "up" on real life by hurling in, now and then, a splotch of ugly "realism." *The Thoroughbred* is a wholesome bit of domestic romance. Here, as in *The Real Adventure,* are a man and wife falling out and coming together again. Here again what first separates them is their failure at comradeship. He makes the money, she spends it in the idle ways of society, always "supposing there is enough" until the moment when he tells her that he is ruined. She really loves him, is "in love" with him, but her habit of coldness has kept them apart. He thinks she does not care for him, and offers her release from himself and their marriage as twin failures. This she takes to be an insult, and determines to prove that she is not the frivolous and mercenary person he has thought her. He thinks he can get a job as draughtsman at twenty-five dollars a week, and she coldly insists upon sharing his lot,—as it were, at that price. But when it comes to the actual business of their new life, her coldness vanishes; they proceed to be ridiculously happy in their ridiculous flat, and after the secondary mess of misunderstandings and cross-purposes which is necessary to the "plotting" of the story, their happiness proves to be of a sort which bids fair to stand the wear and tear of their recovered prosperity. They have proved the delights of love in a flat, with the result, at least, that we leave them floating upon wealth instead of wallowing in it. Mr. Webster writes in what may almost be called the magazine dialect of American-English. It is the

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Saturday-Evening-Post style, a talky style which conveys an impression of being like real talk, and is very little like it. It employs abbreviations, is jocular and confidential, and is liberally laced with long words, those flatterers of the man in the street which newspaper men have always recognised as worth their board and keep. A recondite allusion now and then is not out of place. It is not so much a style, as a standard tool—O. Henry, maker.

Mr. Blackwood's *The Wave* is in his now familiar vein. The idea, indeed, is almost exactly the same as that of the recent *Julius LeVallon* by this writer, though it is much more effectively handled. Here are much the same group, and much the same situation—a woman and two men who have come together in a former incarnation not altogether happily and who now have a second opportunity to work out the problem of their relations. These people are much more credible than the people of the earlier story, the whole affair drags less, and a "happy ending" is rather unexpectedly permitted. There is so much menacing in the index, so continual a forecast of tragedy, that the supreme moment and its dénouement have an effect of tameness, almost of flatness. The subtitle, "An Egyptian Aftermath," gives more than a hint of the theme. Egypt has been the scene of the original coil, and there its secondary solution is to be made. In *Julius LeVallon* the mystical symbol out of the past was the sun; here it is "the wave." From early childhood the Tommy of the story, a sturdy, unimaginative boy, has puzzled his parents and himself by his subjection to a recurrent dream or vision involving a vague wavelike portent which seemed to threaten his existence and that of two others. At fifteen, he half recognises one of these others, in a young girl who comes into his life for a moment and seems to pass out of it again. Later he hears that she is married, but he still has a feeling that in some strange way they belong to each other. Much later again, when he has become a successful engineer, he meets her in Switzerland; and there, with the arrival of his cousin Tony, the historic triangle completes itself. Not till some time later, when fate has brought them together in Egypt, does the ancient pattern reweave itself. Tony turns out to be the malign and disruptive force, though a charming fellow: he becomes an undeclared rival of his solider and, to tell the truth, somewhat stodgy cousin. But the old tragedy is not to be fulfilled, though there is a perilous moment of crisis, involving the physical realisation of the wave-dream—a huge billow of sand, reared by the desert wind, which almost overwhelms the three. The upshot is the passing of Tony's influence over the woman, and her final and complete union with the worthy and much-enduring engineer. Mr. Blackwood knows how to give these stories of reincarnation an effect beyond mere creepiness. But his method is so leisurely that he is often "slow," in the sense of dull and long-drawn-out; and his manner is formal and ponderous and unleavened by humour: common frailties of philosophical romance.

Lydia of the Pines seems to me, despite its catchpenny title, an American novel of uncommon merit. It is a romance of girlhood, of schoolgirlhood even, which quite escapes silliness on the one hand and goody-goodiness on the other. Lydia is not a paragon of beauty or cleverness, nor is she professionally "glad." She does not even undertake the function of showing all her elders the way to deportment and salvation. We might like to see them credited with a trifle more virtue of their own; but her influence with them is the influence of a healthy child and not of an inspired (and complacent) lecturer and leader of men. Her place, "Lake City," is described as somewhere in the North Mississippi Valley, in a country of green hills and wheat lands. Its first people were pioneers from New England, to whom time has added all that miscellany

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of races and traditions which of later years have peopled the Middle West. There is a taint of corruption about the place (not least about its Yankee element) which centres in greed for the possession of certain rich Indian lands and forests to the north of the city. The Indians of the Reservation are diseased, pauperised, victims of a venial Agent, and of surreptitious robbery on the part of many of the leading citizens of Lake City. Lydia's father is a gone-to-seed Yankee who is not above taking his share of the spoils, when the chance comes. His and Lydia's chief friend, John Levine, is half Yankee and half French: it is he who openly advocates taking over the Indian lands, gets himself sent to Congress on that issue, and actually succeeds in his purpose. Among Lydia's school friends is an Indian youth, a manly fellow, son of a chief; and from him, as well as from her own heart, she learns the other side of the case. If she had been a cheaper heroine, if this had been a conventional story, the girl would have persuaded Levine from his purpose, and brought about the restoration of the exiles. She does nothing of the kind. Levine cannot see the matter as she does. And he is of the type which, believing that one thing ought to be done, is utterly unscrupulous as to the means of doing it. He has a cruel and ruthless side which Lydia is forced to see; but she does not hate him for it, he is too much a part of her life. This is the way things really happen; and it is true that a Levine, loving a young Lydia deeply and with hidden passion, respecting her honesty, and suffering because he makes her suffer, may still cling grimly to his own practical conviction and his own dingy ethics. This is the way things really happen; tion in little of that strange paradox of public depravity and private virtue which so often seems to rule the realms of finance and of politics. But apart from the "idea," it is an excellent story of a human and lovable girl learning to be a woman. Its style, especially in the dialogue, is uncommonly sincere, the real vernacular, without exaggeration or codification.

It is a long jump backward from this Middle Western America, with its complex social and racial problems, to the old Iceland of Mr. Hewlett's new tale. The hero of *Thorgils* is the boy-man of primitive story, so much more a man, after all, than the woman-man and the beast-man with whom, one sometimes feels, sophisticated fiction is chiefly concerned. Thorgils is a strong, simple, utterly human and lovable figure. He is not a prophet or a dreamer or a man ahead of his time: he embodies that time, and so reminds us that sound character and solid living are not exclusive assets of "civilisation." From childhood he is conscious of his destiny not so much to conquer others, as to be himself. The way of the viking is to be his, since it is the way of his fathers. He prospers in adventure and in wedded love, and then the malice of nature and his fellowmen strikes him down. His wife is treacherously slain in an alien land, his boy-child is torn from him by the cruel sea. His reason totters; but the strong, sane basis of his nature withstands grief and despair. He takes up life again, and fights it out to the end, a being worthy of his place beneath the sun—*integer vitae,* the man we all would be. It is notable that his story is told with the firm simplicity it deserves. Mr. Hewlett's earlier style was highly coloured, often deliberately archaic. At its simplest, it had the apparent artlessness of a composition. In *Frey and His Wife* and *Thorgils,* especially in the latter, we get no such effect. He seems to tell his tale without effort or self-consciousness, with a bare vigour which fits his theme; with hardly a trace of verbal archaism, but rather in the English of to-day, tinged, one might say, by the faintest of Northern accents. Here is the whole story of the death of the boy Thorfinn: "Then came the ninth wave, and that the biggest of them all. It struck Thorgils full in the back and drove him from the helm. Thor-

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finn had been between his knees; but when Thorgils was seen again in the volume of that water, Thorfinn was not with him. His father's grey face was a pity to see—but just then the backwash of the wave threw Thorfinn on board again. Thorgils clasped him with a cry and held him close. Thorfinn was as brave as could be. 'That was a brimmer, father!' he said; and his eyes laughed. But Thorgils had no laughter in him. 'Bale as you may,' he said, but he himself had no more care for sea or land." If the reader would value to the full the masterly reticence of this scene, let him imagine it in the hands of one of our popular magazine story-tellers.

MOON-WANDERING

BY JAY LEWIS

Did you never, when the light
Of the moon enriched the night
With a thousand misty shadows on the road,
Go a-wandering on the highway,
Go a-fancy-wandering my way,
With a roving eye about you as you strode?

Did you mark the meadows lying
Like the rolling ocean trying
To lull its lofty billows to a calm;
And some little hillock seeming,
With its tree-tops, to your dreaming
Like a sandy tropic island crowned with palm?

Did your fancy then go flying
To some pirate ship a-plying
Its black traffic in the seas beyond the line,
Men with swords but ne'er a sheath,
Extra daggers in their teeth,
And a love of tossing captives in the brine?

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

WE ARE labouring under a tremendous responsibility. A month or so ago we received a paid up subscription to THE BOOKMAN from Canton, Ohio, *for five years in advance*. Our readers, therefore may be assured of no lapses in THE BOOKMAN for at least five years—and we can assure you that we could bear up under a few more such "responsibilities."

Mr. Bergen Davis, of the department of Physics of Columbia University, calls our attention to the fact that in his article in the March BOOKMAN on "The Philosophy of Militarism," Professor Woodbridge Riley confused Mr. Austin Chamberlain with the "renegade Englishman" also of the name of Chamberlain. Mr. Davis writes: "Mr. Austin Chamberlain is the son of the late Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham and he is a loyal English statesman."

In acknowledging the criticism Professor Riley writes the Editor: "I was glad to receive your letter enclosing that of Mr. Davis. It was certainly a piece of carelessness on my part in confusing Austin Chamberlain with that sorry specimen, Houstoun Stewart Chamberlain. I trust you can make this sort of posthumous apology of mine in the next number of THE BOOKMAN."

A few of the interesting letters received this month are printed below—we wish we had space for more of them.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
March 3, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

The news of William De Morgan's death, so sorely regretted by American lovers of his stories, suggests that a recent letter of his may prove interesting. Two years ago I wrote him asking if his accuracy in describing the sensations of drowning was due to his having undergone the experience himself. This was his answer:

VIALE MILTON NO. 31
FLORENCE, ITALY,
19/4/14.

DEAR MR. MOORES:

Thank you very much for your letter. I cannot tell you how much pleasure it is for me to hear that my books are giving real satisfaction. It is the sort of thing that comes back to one to solace a sleepless night, wherefrom I sometimes suffer, but happily seldom.

Your confirmation of my reference to drowning is particularly interesting because all I say on the subject is *theory*. I have never been nearer drowning than having to hold my breath longer than I expected on coming up from a deep dive. But the terrible misgiving that I should never get to the top in time was quite enough! That my views should strike anyone who has gone through it as true reminds me of a letter I once had from a gentleman who had all but gone off a precipice into the sea like Alice-for-Short and her friend the doctor, and had been saved the same way. He wanted to know when and where I had been in a like pickle to know so much about it. I ascribe my success in dealing with these (to me) unknown terrors to a fine, rich, constitutional cowardice. It is the same faculty that makes me image the passage of a motor-car over the body of any of my family who is half an hour late. I could do without a good deal of this faculty as far as comfort goes, but I don't think my books would benefit.

I hope I may manage yet one more before I join those among whom many will be found whose resuscitation from drowning failed, some of whom will I

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hope remember enough about it to confirm (or contradict) my text further and also that you may live to read it.

Thanks again from

Yours very truly,
WM. DE MORGAN.

Let us hope that the book he mentions in his last paragraph may have been finished.

CHARLES W. MOORES.

CLINTON, IOWA,
February 28, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Is it permissible for an author who introduces real characters in a work of fiction to misrepresent their characteristics, mental, moral or physical? This is what Stewart Edward White has done in *The Gray Dawn,* especially in regard to W. T. Coleman and E. D. Baker. Coleman was a quiet unassuming business man, and not a semi-desperado, with a "sweeping moustache." In *The Century Magazine,* November, 1891, is an article by him in regard to the "Vigilance Committee," and with his portrait as he was at that time. In contrast see the picture in the *Saturday Evening Post* (omitted in the volume now out).

As for Baker, Lincoln's friend, United States Senator from Oregon, and who was killed at Bulls Bluff when Brigadier General, nothing can be more erroneous than to give him "lack of scruple" and "insincerity" and say that a San Francisco crank ever jeered or called him an "old reprobate"—he was only forty-five at the time and was popular, and well liked by all. Neither did he sympathise with the Terry faction, and was one of the most lovable and interesting men the writer ever knew. By the way, how could Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song" be sung in '52, when it first appeared in *Poems of the Orient* in '54?

J. C. W.

One who remembers when the water of the bay "came to line of Montgomery Street."

OUVROIR AMERICAIN HOLOPHANE,
156 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN,
PARIS, February 1, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

The American Ouvroir Holophane, for which Gertrude Atherton wrote such an interesting appeal in the December BOOKMAN, has no "branches or ramifications" whatever, in France, and is in no way connected with the "Madame Waddington Ouvroir," which was started at 107 Rue de la Pompe in 1915 by Mme. Waddington's daughter-in-law, Mme. Francis Waddington, for the relief of the village of Mareuil, where her country house is situated.

Early in August, 1914, Mr. Otis A. Mygatt started the American Ouvroir Holophane, and loaned to it the ground floor of his office building at 156 Boulevard Haussmann, agreeing personally to defray all running expenses, such as rent, heat, light, stenographers, bookkeepers, publicity, etc. These expenses so far total over thirty thousand francs paid by Mr. Mygatt. Mrs. Mygatt and Mme. Waddington were the lady founders, and during the first period of fifteen months the "Mme. Waddington Relief Fund" contributions represented a third of all the amounts received. Since then, however, Mme. Waddington having become interested in many other war relief works, such as the Ouvroir of her daughter-in-law mentioned above, the contributions from this source have fallen to one-twentieth of the total receipts.

In November 1915 Mr. and Mrs. Mygatt went to New York and started the "American Ouvroir Fund," the office of which is at 681 Fifth Ave. with Mrs. Henry P. Loomis as chairman, and with branches in Boston, Baltimore, and Cambridge. All funds contributed to French war relief, through the American Ouvroir Fund are distributed through the following well-known French societies, in the relief work special to each:

1. *The American Ouvroir,* 156 Boulevard Haussmann,—to give employment to women out of work, in

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making clothing to be forwarded to needy soldiers at the front.

2. *Association Nationale pour la protection des Familles des Morts pour la Patrie,* 5 Rue du Pré aux Clercs,—for distribution of yearly funds for individual French war orphans.

3. *Fédération Nationale d' Assistance aux Mutilés des Armées de Terre et de Mer,* 28 Quai de la Rapee,—for re-education of mutilated soldiers.

4. *Association Valentin-Haüy,*—for re-education of blind soldiers.

5. *The St. Cyrienne,*—for yearly funds for war orphans of French officers.

6. *Paroisse de l' Aisne,*—for aiding refugees from the invaded districts.

It is the "personal" element which should make this work of interest to Americans, since all money is distributed through these societies which are in direct contact with those helped. They see that the money is properly expended and that contributors to the Fund get letters from those they have helped and are put in touch with them.

Through the American Ouvroir Fund, prior to November 1916, about one hundred and eighty thousand francs had been distributed in war relief in France. The running expenses, of over thirty thousand francs, have been entirely defrayed by Mr. Mygatt.

All checks should be made out to "J. P. Morgan & Co. for account American Ouvroir Fund" and mailed to 23 Wall St., New York,—or else to "Morgan Harges & Cie., for account American Ouvroir Fund" and mailed to 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

ELLA MESNARD TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.,
FEBRUARY 10, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

May I express my sincere thanks for Florence Finch Kelly's article "A Political Coming-of-Age" in your February issue? To one acquainted with Western politics, and especially the situation in Kansas, it seems altogether the most intelligent contribution which has been made so far to the discussion of President Wilson's election. I believe most of the Western readers of THE BOOKMAN will agree that it is one of the most interesting of the many able articles which Mrs. Kelly has contributed to your pages.

ALICE MARY KIMBALL.

FORT SMITH, ARK.,
FEBRUARY 21, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A contest for supremacy in poetry cannot be as easily disposed of as a horse race, for the winning horse is a determination of fact, but the "best poem" is a matter of opinion, and can only be approximated. And yet, some things in poetry may be judged as accurately as the prize winning horse that passes the wire first.

I desire to express my appreciation of the high quality of these first poems in the series to be published—they were all sired (or damed?) by thoroughbred poets. Taking advantage of your invitation to the masses to sit as judges on the performance of these verse-racers I shall cast my vote as one of the judges.

In order to arrive at a decision I adopted the method of elimination—I should first decide against the short poem written in *vers libre,* because I do not appreciate that class of poetry. My education is not sufficiently advanced for me to appreciate either *vers libre* or "futurist" paintings. But of its kind I think it is not a whit worse than many I have read. If the same thoughts and metaphors should have been wrtten in the most melodious rhythm, the poem would not appeal to me because I am not fond of a lyric style achieved by the omission of ideas. Although "suggestion" delights me, nevertheless I am old-fashioned and prefer a pretty complete framework for the suggestion. Considering the cadence of this poem, It seems to me the line,

The thin chime of my watch tells the quarter after midnight

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would read better if it were written as two lines, thus,

> The thin chime of my watch
> Tells the quarter after midnight—

Perhaps a meticulous criticism; and many will not agree with me—but as a self-elected judge, that's the way I feel about it. If the division of lines in *vers libre* is not important, and if the way the lines are divided has nothing to do with that very elusive and desirable thing, the "cadence" then, I ask, why shouldn't they be printed in prose form, from start to finish? I have a secret little suspicion that this very small item of the exact reason for the proper division of lines in *vers libre,* would prove embarrassing if followed to a rigid conclusion. It should be understood, however, that although personally I put this poem in the last of the race—I appreciate the fact, that considered as one in its particular class it is decidedly good—I simply cannot appreciate that class.

I should next eliminate the ballad, "The Ring and the Castle" from the race, but before doing so would give it generous applause. There are many beautiful things in this poem, but I would censure the line—

> Then I lied to that white-faced knight, and told him the lady had never been seen by me;

alas, that line is flat prose—it lacks even the lilt or cadence of most *vers libre;* and when read with the lines surrounding it, it is even more flat. And the word "Lord" when forced to rhyme (?) with "abroad" is atrocious. Toward the last, the laughter expressed by the sounds "Hee! Hee! Hee!" seems lacking something essential. Even if the reader is to infer that the subject's mind is unbalanced, I should still have that undefinable feeling that something is wrong about it. But in the criticism of the poem, I do not wish it to be thought that I condemn it as a whole, or that I do not appreciate its beauty. For I derived much pleasure from its perusal, and I am sure I could take up much more space cataloguing its beauties than I have used in pointing out the few things that to my sense are not perfection.

I then would eliminate the exquisite lyric, "Moment Musicale" from the race, not because of imperfections, for in this gem it would puzzle me to point out a faulty line. But taking it as a whole I cannot consider it equal in conception to "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc."

So by this method of elimination I have cast my vote for "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc" as the winner of the race. And I do not hesitate to class it as a poem of rare perfection. One of its many beautiful lines,

> To ruffle rivers into gold

had been singing in me ever since I read it. One cannot fail to notice a classical restraint throughout its correct numbers; which makes it in my opinion a charming performance. The author is indeed a consummate craftsman.

BROOKES MORE.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Biography

Masters of Space. By Walter Kellogg Towers. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of the great inventors and their work: Morse, Thompson, Bell, Marconi, Pupin and Carty.

The Life of Ulysses S. Grant: A New Popular Biography for the American Statesman Series. By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated with Portraits. $2.00.

The interest of this story of Grant's career lies largely in the series of portraits.

Russell H. Conwell and His Work. By Agnes Rush Burr. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The authorised biography of Dr. Conwell, containing the full text of his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds."

Business

How To Get Ahead: Saving Money and Making It Work. By Albert W. Atwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25.

Workable methods of saving and investment, discussed in such topies as: "Saving on Small Wages," "The Small Investor," "Safety and High Income."

Business Law for Business Men. By Utley E. Crane. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Covering all the states and territories in the Union; with abstracts of commercial law in every state and territory and legal forms for many transactions.

Drama

Dunsany The Dramatist. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A critical appreciation, in which eight plays are outlined and discussed, and their history and place in the scheme of things discussed.

Mogu the Wanderer, or The Desert: A Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts. By Padraic Colum. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00.

A Persian drama in which the beggar and the King are puppets of fate.

Three Welsh Plays. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00.

Three one-act Welsh plays: "The Merry Merry Cuckoo," "The Deacon's Hat," and "Welsh Honeymoon."

The Contemporary Drama of England. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Little Brown & Company. $1.25.

Things theatrical in England from 1866 to 1900, with discussion of various phases and authors.

Economics

The Principles of Natural Taxation. By C. B. Fillebrown. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. With Portraits. $150.

Essays

A Student in Arms. By Donald Hankey. With an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

Published originally in the *London Spectator*. Short articles, sketches and essays written by a man in the trenches, on such subjects as: "The Beloved Captain," "The Indignity of Labour," "The Making of a Man."

The Hidden Happiness. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Twenty-two chapters, some of which are: "Joy's Neutrality," "The Marrow of Existence," "The Specific Gravity of the Soul."

Great Companions. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

A collection of essays on the personalities of various authors from DeFoe to

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The authors of the present day. Among those included are: James Whitcomb Riley, Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, and Henri Fabre.

A Virginian Village and Other Papers: Together with Some Autobiographical Notes. By E. S. Nadal. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Reminiscences of a little country village; of such famous people as Lincoln and Lowell; and of a visit to the "old" Texas.

The Californiacs. By Inez Haynes Irwin. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

An essay on California.

Fiction

The Man Next Door. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of a ranchman's experiences in Chicago with his next-door neighbour.

The Wave. An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A story of reincarnation, in which an Englishman is involved in mystical adventures.

Mendel: A Story of Youth. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

The story of a young Polish painter who leaves the slums of London for Bohemian Paris.

Our Next-Door Neighbours. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A comedy of five youngsters whose parents were too busy in research and study to pay any attention to them.

The Safety First Club. By W. T. Nichols. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A story of a boys' club which tries to live up to its name, but finds that words are easier than deeds.

Ross Grant, Gold Hunter. By John Garland. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The second of a series of adventures in which a lost gold mine plays an important part.

The Matchmakers. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A romantic comedy of matchmaking at cross-purposes, in which the villagers of a small town try to marry off the Rector's daughter.

The Thoroughbred. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A novel of American home life.

Greenmantle. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

An adventure of an English major and a German religious leader.

In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A tragic romance of eastern cities and deserts, with a realistic solution.

Lydia of the Pines. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A love story of the upper Mississippi pine forests, in which the heroine blazes her own trail to success.

The White People. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.20.

A story of a young Scotch heiress and a famous writer.

Bittersweet. By Grant Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.40.

A realistic story of an English merchant and a Parisian dancer.

Thorgils. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35.

A tale of Iceland in the old Norse days—of love, of youth and of adventure.

Joan. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A romance of a middle-class English girl and the Yorkshire coal mines.

"Short Sixes," Stories To Be Read While the Candle Burns: "The Suburban Sage, Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.35.

Thirteen "Short Sixes," among which are "The Tenor," and "An Old, Old Story." "The Suburban Sage" is in sixteen parts, such as: "The Suburban Horse," and "The Evolution of the Suburbanite."

More "Short Sixes," "The Runaway Browns." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.35.

Ten more "Short Sixes," among which are "The Cumbersome Horse," and "My Dear Mrs. Billington." "The Runaway Browns" is in twenty-three chapters.

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Piccadilly Jim. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A farce in which a young American from Piccadilly has many amusing adventures in the home of his New York millionaire uncle.

The Stars in Their Courses. By Hilda M. Sharp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A story of a gambler by inherited instinct, and of his rivalry in love.

Gullible's Travels, Etc. By Ring W. Lardner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A humorist's account of five episodes.

The Gay Life. By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. $1.30.

A theatrical novel of a provincial English actress and the American stage.

The Way of the Wind. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40.

The love story of a young New England woman and a wayward youth, several years her junior.

Bullets and Billets. By Bruce Bairnsfather. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.

The author's description of the joys and sorrows of his first six months in the trenches.

The Middle Pasture. By Mathilde Bilbro. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story, by a harum-scarum tomboy, of the Crawfords, two families who live on either side of the middle pasture of a little Alabama town.

Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise. In 2 Vols. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Company. With a Portrait of the Author.

The author's last work, giving an extraordinary picture of an important phase of our modern society. The heroine achieves a moral and social salvation through struggles of character.

The Yeoman Adventurer. By George W. Gough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A historical novel of a young Staffordshire farmer at the time of "Bonnie" Prince Charlie's Jacobean Rebellion.

What He Least Expected. By Holworthy Hall. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A romance of mystery whose hero is a young Harvard man who answers a New York newspaper advertisement.

Plunder. By Arthur Somers Roche. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A modern "crook" story with hero and heroine of the under-world.

Father Payne. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Second Edition with New Preface. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A series of episodes and ideas, with the thread of a single personality running through them: the story and opinions of "Father" Payne, who maintained in Northamptonshire a little brotherhood of men who were learning to be writers.

Only a Dog. By Bertha Whitridge Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

The autobiography of an Irish terrier driven from his French home by the advance of the Germans.

The Highwayman. By H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A tale of Queen Anne days: a romance of villainy, misunderstanding and high-hearted love.

Greater Than the Greatest. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A romance of the thirteenth century contest between the Pope and the Emperor, in which love and ambition are the basis of intrigue.

The Job. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35.

A novel giving the real day-by-day life of women on the job, in the world of offices—and in love.

The Mark of Cain. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A new Fleming Stone detective story, combining love and humour with the mystery element.

The Stingy Receiver. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A romance of a wealthy bed-ridden woman, a Norway girl, and a poor young doctor.

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No Graven Image. By Hilda P. Cummings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A tale of the spiritual development of a young Anglican divine whose struggle is the old one of love and duty.

Madame Prince. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A story, by the "Mark Twain" of England, of a woman who courageously faces the problem of self-support.

Wildfire. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35.

The story of a wonderful horse.

General Literature

The Mythology of All Races. (In 13 Vols.) Vol. 6. Louis Herbert Gray, Editor. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Illustrated.

Nine chapters on Indian mythology and seven on the Iranian, with notes and bibliographies.

The Celtic Dawn: A Survey of the Renascence in Ireland. By Lloyd R. Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A discussion of the recent Irish literary movement, with attention to the different literary forms, and leading writers such as Russel, Yeats and Synge.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. By Orton H. Carmichael. New York: Abingdon Press. Illustrated. 85 cents.

An account of the writing and delivery of this famous classic.

The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25.

An analysis of the so-called Irish Literary Movement and the Irish theatre, with discussion of the methods and aims of the pioneers in the movement.

Shelley in England. (2 Vols.) By Roger Ingpen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $5.00 the set.

New facts and letters from the Shelley-Whitton papers.

Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit, Euphues and His England. By John Lyly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.25.

A definite edition of this Elizabethan classic, with Introduction on "The Sources of the Euphuistic Rhetoric," copious annotations, Bibliography, and Index of Memorabilia.

History

Sixty Years of American Life. By Everett P. Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A social and legal history of the period of 1850-1909.

Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634-1699. Original Narratives of Early American History: Reproduced Under the Auspices of the American Historical Association. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson and Louise Phelps Kellogg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With a Facsimile and Two Maps. $3.00.

Such narratives are included as "The Journey of Jean Nicolet," "The Pageant of 1671," "The Voyage of St. Cosme."

The Fight for the Republic. By Rossiter Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With Maps and Battle Plans. $2.50.

A narrative of the more noteworthy events in the War of Secession, presenting the great contest in its dramatic aspects.

The Celt and the World. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A study of the relation of Celt and Teuton in history, including such chapters as "A View of Irish History," "The Teutonic Family Split."

The French Revolution and Napoleon. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated with Maps. $2.50.

An introductory chapter on the conditions in eighteenth century Europe culminating in the French revolution; another chapter on the Old Régime in France, and nine chapters on the revolution and the Napoleonic era.

Juvenile

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. By G. W. Dasent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25

Thirty or so tales of the Northland for children, and for the folklorist.

Baby Kangaroo and Lilly Lamb. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated.

An animal story of interest largely for its illustrations.

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The Mary Frances First Aid Book. By Jane Eayre Fryer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A humourous story to inspire children with a desire to relieve suffering—also a reference book, telling what to do in cases of accident or illness.

Philip Kent in the Lower School. By T. Truxtan Hare. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The second of a series of books for boys, relating the contests and adventures of a schoolboy.

Little Mother. By Ruth Brown MacArthur. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story for grown-ups as well as for children, of a waif who finds shelter with a wealthy cousin.

Miscellaneous

The Woodcraft Manual for Boys. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated.

An official manual, giving full information as to the carrying on of the work of the Woodcraft boys.

Memories of the Fatherland. By Anne Topham. London: Methuen & Company, Ltd. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

Reminiscences of German social life by a governess of the Imperial family.

Letters to a Young Housekeeper. By Jane Price. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35.

Practical suggestions on such subjects as economy in the house, the budget, the management of servants.

The Book of Boston. By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Twenty-four chapters on old and new Boston, among which are "Boston Preferred," "A Woman's City," "An Adventure in Pure Romance." Decorated with pen drawings and sepia plates of famous places in Boston and its environs.

Hawaii, Past and Present. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated and a Map. $1.50.

A guide-book on Hawaii for the tourist.

From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles: A Midshipman's log. Edited by His Mother. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents.

A boy's story of ten months of the Great War as he saw it.

Pirate Bridge: The Latest Development of Auction Bridge. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

An explanation of the theory and practice of Pirate Bridge, with the full code of the official laws.

In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50.

A story of eight months of travel by canoe, motor boat and dog-team, on the Northern rivers and along the New Quebec coast of Hudson Bay.

Confessions of a Social Secretary. By Corinne Lowe. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.25.

Real experiences giving insight into the intimate life of the "Four Hundred."

Music

Scientific Singing. By E. Standard Thomas. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Frontispiece.

A study of the voice from a logical commonsense basis.

Beethoven. With a Brief Analysis of the Sonatas, the Symphonies, and the Quartets by A. Eaglefield Hull, and 24 Musical Illustrations, Four Plates and an Introduction by Edward Carpenter. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A discussion of the man more than of his music.

Philosophy

The Amateur Philosopher. By Carl H. Grabo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A discussion of problems such as "Youthful Heresy," "Free-Will and Determinism," "Social Ideals."

Religion

Religion for To-Day. By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

A forecast of the "new religion."

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Sources of Faith and Hope. By Herbert H. Mott. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cents.

Seven chapters on such subjects as "The Soul," "The Soul and the World," "The Conduct of the Soul."

Exact Science of Christianity, or Mystery of the Subconscious Mind Revealed. By L. Buckland W. Thompson. Garden City, N. Y.: The Country Life Press.

The author's ideas on the Christian religion as based upon exact laws.

Whatsoever a Man Soweth and the Race of Life. By W. Howard Snyder. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

Two articles which the author calls layman's sermons.

The Spiritual Ascent of Man. By W. Tudor Jones. With an Introduction by A. L. Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A consideration of some scientific, philosophical, and religious questions, such as "The Scope and Limits of Science," "Body and Mind," "The Nature of Spirit."

The New Life. By Rev. Samuel McComb. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Eleven essays giving the author's ideas on the secret of happiness and power.

Idle Words. By Raymond Calkins. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

A sermon to students.

Poetry

Across the Threshold. By Baron Vane. Middletown: Harold McNair.

A collection of a hundred or more poems on various subjects such as mortality, patriotism, love.

Chinese Lyrics. By Pai Ta-shun. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.

A collection of thirty-three songs.

A Woman Free and Other Poems. By Ruth. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. Los Angeles: J. F. Rowny Press.

Seventy poems of socialism, with emphasis on the relation of woman to the new civilisation.

Paul Verlaine, His Absinthe-Tinted Song: With a Biography and Index. By Bergen Applegate. Chicago: The Alderbrink Press. Illustrated.

A monograph on the poet, with selections from his work, arranged and translated from the French.

All's Well. By John Oxenham. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.
Lyrics of spiritual faith.

The Little Golden Fountain and Other Verses. By Mary MacMillan. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.00.

Poetry of love, some of which is reprinted from various magazines.

White Fountains. By Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

Thirty-three odes and lyrics, some of which are reprinted from various magazines and anthologies.

Afternoon. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

A volume of love songs—reminiscences of youth—on the press at the time of the Belgian poet's tragic death.

Out Where the West Begins. By Arthur Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A collection of Western poems, some humourous.

The Broken Wing: Songs of Love, Death and Destiny. By Sarojini Naidu. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25.

An Indian woman's vision of Hindu life and scenes from the inside.

Sociology

Labour and Liberty. By Samuel Rabinowitz. Brooklyn: Samuel Rabinowitz.

A model constitution embodying all the benefits of collective industry without the loss of individual liberty.

Hygiene in Mexico. By Alberto J. Pani. Translated by Ernest L. de Gogorza. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A study of sanitary and educational problems.

The Public Defender: A Necessary Factor in the Administration of Justice. By Mayer C. Goldman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

A plea for the square deal for every person accused of crime.

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Science

The Sexual Crisis. By Grete Meisel-Hess. New York: The Critic & Guide Company. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.

A critique of our sex life, in thirty-four chapters.

Cell Intelligence the Cause of Evolution. By Nels Quevli. Minneapolis: The Colwell Press. Illustrated.

Ten chapters discussing the Cell as a conscious, intelligent being, planning and building all plants and animals.

Natural Painless Child-Birth and the Determination of Sex. By Filip Sylvan, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Seven chapters of discussion and exercises specially suited to the purpose for which the book is written, but adapted to general hygiene.

War

Alsace-Lorraine: A Study in Conquest. By David Starr Jordan. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00.

A record of things as they were in Alsace-Lorraine before the crash came.

The Adventures of the U-202: An Actual Narrative. By Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

A day-by-day narrative of a hunting raid against Germany's arch-enemy, England.

Getting Together. By Ian Hay. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An open-minded discussion of the questions which most vitally concern the average American and the average Briton.

Right and Duty, or Citizen and Soldier. Our Security Lies in Our Defense. By Frederick A. Kuenzli. New York: National Defense Institute. Illustrated.

A lesson from the Swiss on preparedness as the need of the hour.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

The author's explanation of the meaning and real progress of the British offensive on the Somme.

My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

By the only accredited American correspondent who had freedom of the field in the battles of the Somme.

Via Pacis. By Harold F. McCormick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 60 cents.

A suggestion offered by an American as to how terms of peace can be automatically prepared while the war is still on.

The War of Democracy: The Allies' Statement. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.00.

Twenty-one chapters on the fundamental significance of the struggle for a new Europe, with an introduction and two chapters by Viscount Bryce. Among the sixteen other contributors who give authoritative statements of the aims of the war are Prof. Gilbert Murray, "Ethical Problems of the War," and Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, "What Britain is Fighting For."

The "Ayesha." By Hellmuth von Mücke. Translated by Helene S. White. Boston: Ritter & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The adventures of the landing squad of the *Emden*.

The Revolt in Arabia. By Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. With a Foreword by Richard J. H. Gottheil. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

An account based on the author's first-hand knowledge of conditions.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of February and the first of March:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Just David	Wildfire
New York City	The Lion's Share	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Albany, N. Y	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Greenmantle
Boston, Mass	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Seventeen
Birmingham, Ala	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred
Chicago, Ill	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Dallas, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Denver, Colo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Detroit, Mich	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Detroit, Mich	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hillman
Detroit, Mich	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Bent Twig
Houston, Tex	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Philip Dru
Indianapolis, Ind	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Kansas City, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Jacksonville, Fla	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Louisville, Ky	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Sailor
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
Minneapolis, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
New Orleans, La	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Norfolk, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Philadelphia, Pa	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Pittsburgh, Pa	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Me	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Michael
St. Paul, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Heart of Rachael
San Antonio, Tex	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Oh Mary Be Careful!
San Francisco, Cal	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Spokane, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
St. Louis, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Tacoma, Wash	Wildfire	Penrod and Sam
Utica, N. Y	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta
Waco, Tex	Wildfire	Lydia of the Pines
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Worcester, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Lady Connie	Jerry	Postmaster's Daughter	Career of Katherine Bush
In the Wilderness	Possession	Michael	Till the Clock Stops
Wilt Thou Torchy	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Cleek's Government Cases
The Castaways	The Beetle	Michael	Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Mary 'Gusta	Michael	Way of All Flesh	Jerry
Wildfire	The Hillman	Oh Mary Be Careful!	El Supremo
When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	In the Wilderness	The Beetle
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Rainbow's End	Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	The Thoroughbred	Penrod and Sam	Enoch Crane
King—of the Khyber Rifles	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Brandon of the Engineers	The Thoroughbred
The Hillman	The Thoroughbred	Possession	Mary 'Gusta
Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows	Just David	Seventeen
The Hillman	Possession	When a Man's a Man	Penrod and Sam
The Thoroughbred	Mary 'Gusta	The Hillman	Oh Mary Be Careful!
The Thoroughbred	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	The Heart of Rachael
Wildfire	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Oh Mary Be Careful!	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	Enoch Crane
The Balance	The Thoroughbred	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man
When a Man's a Man	The Worn Doorstep	The Bent Twig	The Brook Kerith
In the Wilderness	The Worn Doorstep	The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale
Possession	Kildares of Storm	The Hillman	Brandon of the Engineers
Limpy	Mary 'Gusta	The Balance	The Thoroughbred
El Supremo	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	Magnificent Adventure
The Hillman	The Wonderful Year	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man
Invisible Balance Sheet	Casuals of the Sea	Wildfire	The Sins of the Children
The Thoroughbred	The Hillman	Lady Connie	David Blaize
When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Michael
The Wonderful Year	The Hillman	When a Man's a Man	The Castaways
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Just David
The Hillman	Brandon of the Engineers	The Blue Envelope	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	Possessions	The Thoroughbred	The Wonderful Year
The World for Sale	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	Kingdom of the Blind
The Grizzly King	When a Man's a Man	The Woman Gives	In the Wilderness
The Sailor	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year	The Agony Column
The Hillman	Rainbow's End	When a Man's a Man	Just David
When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows	The Border Legion	The More Excellent Way
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	Somewhere in Red Gap	Magnificent Adventure
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Worn Doorstep
Career of Katherine Bush	A Circuit Rider's Widow	From the Housetops	Somewhere in Red Gap
Wildfire	Lewis Seymour	The Hillman	The Worn Doorstep
Wildfire	Just David	Lady Connie	The Dark Forest
Oh Mary Be Careful!	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred	Adventures of Jimmie Dale

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Men of the Old Stone Age. H. F. Osborn.
Raymond, or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge.
My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
Poems of Alan Seeger.
The Intelligence of Woman. W. L. George.
Why Men Fight. Bertrand Russell.
Getting Together. Ian Hay.
Succeeding with What You Have. Charles M. Schwab.
Italy, France, and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222 and 223) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	379
2. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	268
3. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Company.) $1.35	118
4. The Hillman. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company.) $1.35	81
5. The Thoroughbred. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill Company.) $1.35.	73
6. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35.	69

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
The Agony Column. Earl Biggers.
The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy.
The Beetle. Richard Marsh.
The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
The Blue Envelope. Sophie Kerr.
Brandon of the Engineers. H. Bindloss.
The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
The Career of Katherine Bush. E. Glyn.
The Castaways. William W. Jacobs.
Casuals of the Sea. William McFee.
Cleek's Government Cases. Thomas W. Hanshew.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
David Blaize. E. P. Benson.
Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson.
El Supremo. Edward L. White.
Enoch Crane. F. Hopkins Smith.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
Getting Together. Ian Hay.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Grizzly King. James Curwood.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathlee Norris.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
The Intelligence of Woman. W. L. George.
The Invisible Balance Sheet. Katrina Trask.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Jerry. Arthur Stanwood Pier.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Kildares of Storm. Eleanor M. Kelly.
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
Limpy. William Johnston.
The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Men of the Old Stone Age. H. F. Osborn.
Michael. E. F. Benson.
The More Excellent Way. Cyrus Townsend Brady.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
Oh Mary Be Careful! George Weston.
Philip Dru. Anonymous.
Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
Poems of Alan Seeger.
Possession. Olive Wadsley.
The Postmaster's Daughter. Louis Tracy.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton.
Susan Lenox. David Graham Phillips.
Till the Clock Stops. J. J. Bell.
The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
The Way of All Flesh. Samuel Butler.
Why Men Fight. Bertrand Russell.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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